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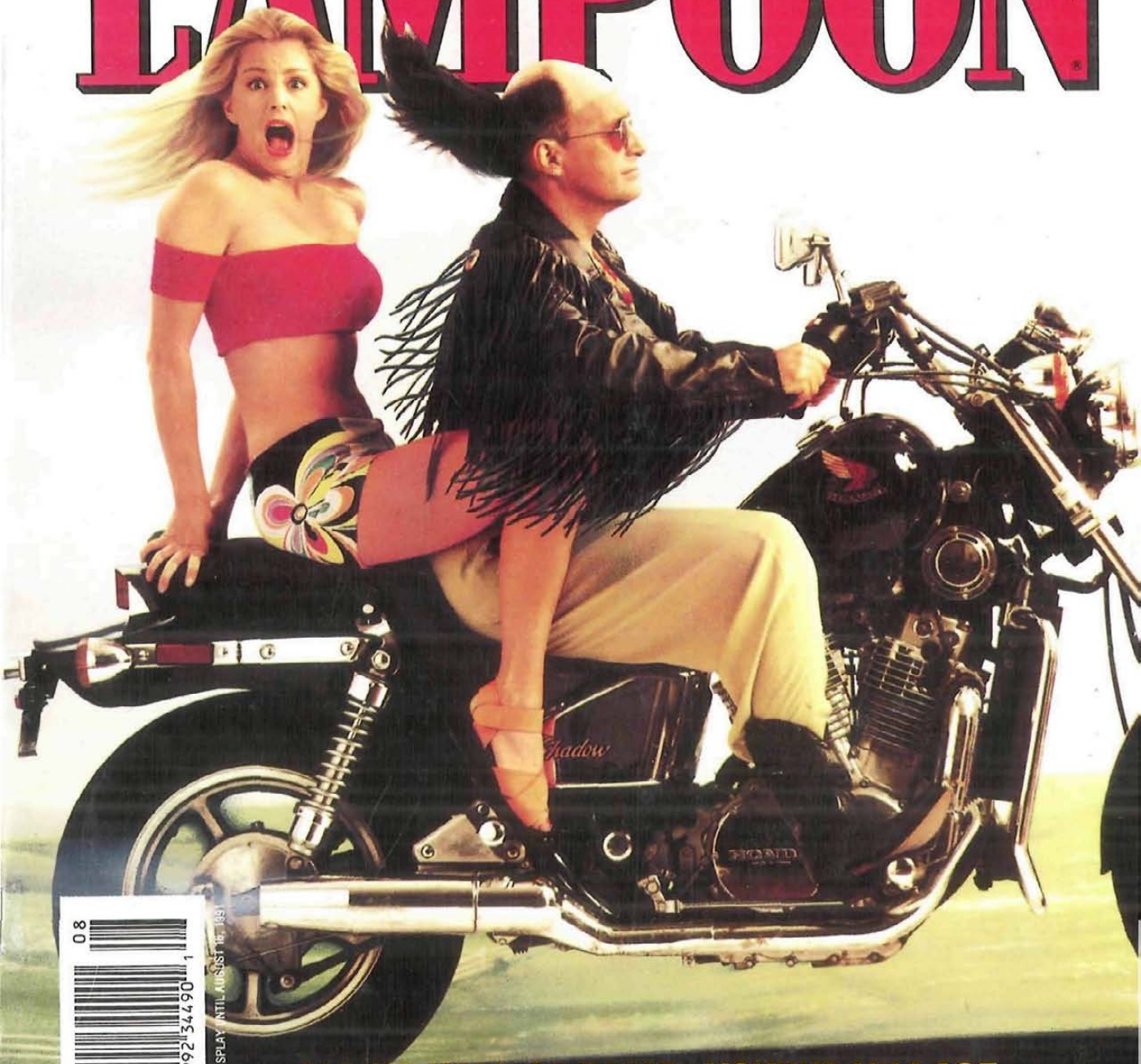
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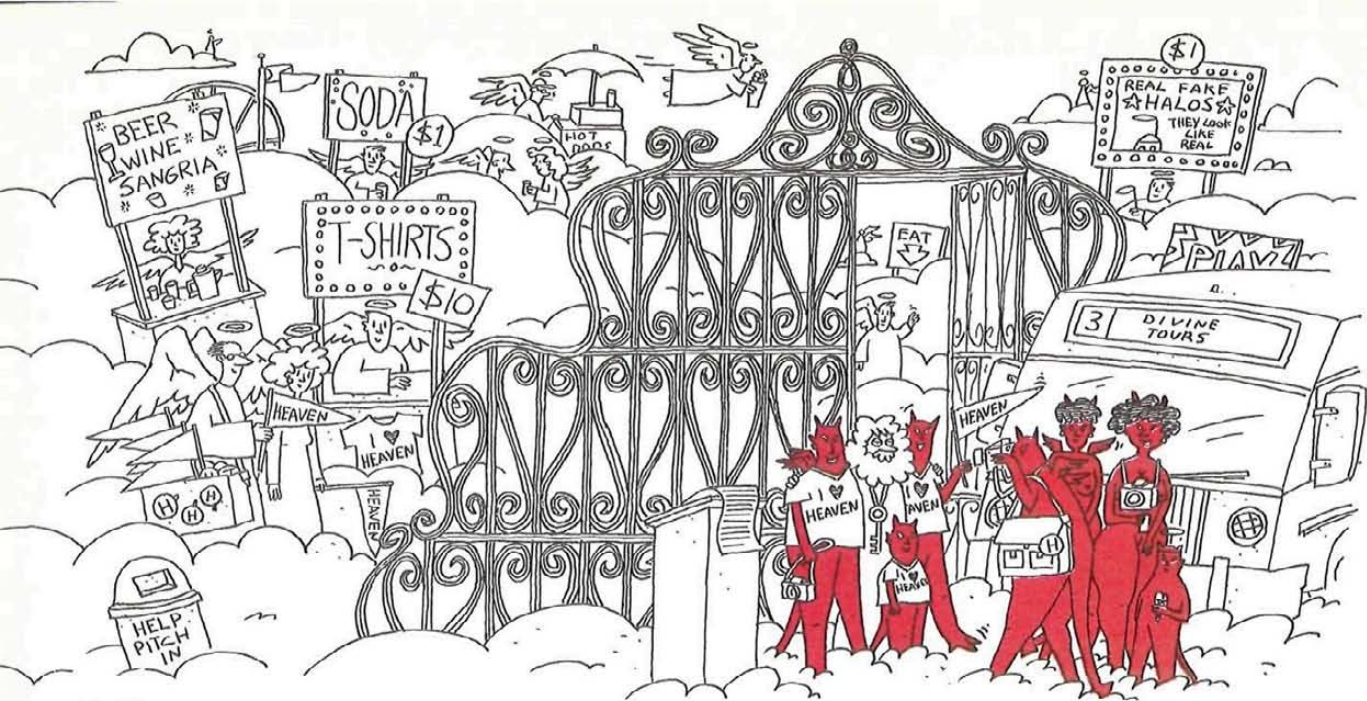
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When you're seventy-five feet underwater in the freezing North Sea, it can be tough going trying to liberate five hostages held by a ruthless captor in a submerged diving bell, especially when your oxygen gauge tells you you're running on fumes. But when the hostages are your compadres, your brothers-in-arms, your coworkers, you do it. That's what I had to keep telling myself last week when the *National Lampon* Editorial Action Staff found itself in another tight spot.

It had all started routinely enough—take the magazine jet, the *Sonic IV*, to Aberdeen, Scotland, then shuttle out some 150 miles in a charter boat to the wreckage site of a nineteenth-century steamer. Then we'd use our deep-sea submersible, *Ragged Claws*, to retrieve the 150 or so cases of priceless Glen Moray Scotch whiskey that had gone down with the ship. "Should be perfect by now," noted resident mixologist and muscleman Chris Marcil.

"It's an in-and-out mission, gang," rasped our steel-eyed leader, editor in chief George Barkin, "and we got no time to waste looking for pearls and

EDITORIAL ACTION STAFF EDITORIAL

ingots and such—we still got an issue to put out."

"I'd give the mission a danger factor of 9.243. But figure in the reward and I'd say it's well worth the risk," piped up misfit computer whiz Larry Doyle.

So it was decided: Barkin, Marcil, and Doyle, along with boy genius weapons expert Danny O'Keefe and smooth-talking ladies' man Sam Johnson, would venture out from the *Ragged Claws* in search of the missing Scotch, while Debra Rabas, the plucky assistant editor with advanced degrees in oceanography and dance, and I, lusty daredevil/intellectual and managing editor Diane Giddis, would stay with the craft and take photographs for a *National Lampon* coffee-table book to be published later this year.

Everything went smooth as silk—

that is, until the boys didn't return.

"Diane, come quickly," called out Debra from the topside observation bubble. I assumed she had spotted an interesting fish. What I saw made me wish to God it had only been that. Instead, a thin cloud of blue fluorescent ink was trickling from the hull of the sunken steamer—it was the Action Staff warning signal!

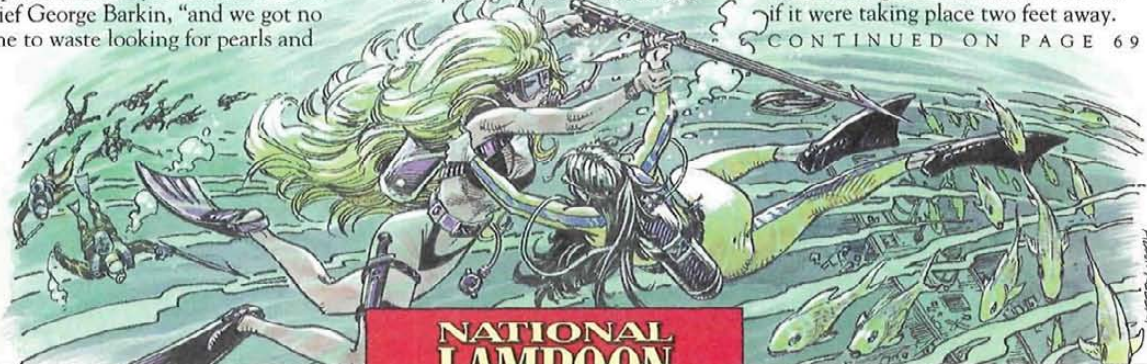
"Swing her about," I commanded. "Let's go in for a closer look." Debra brought the RC around to the hull's port side, and we edged ever closer. "Hold it!" I cried. Through the murk, I could just make out fifteen or twenty slippery figures in blue-and-gold wet suits escorting five other divers toward a large diving bell.

"Sonofabitch!" Debra cried. "It's those bastards from *Esquire*—they got our boys! Pardon my grammar."

"Pardoned," I said. "Now help me suit up." Fifteen minutes later, I was swimming in cold dark water, headed for certain danger and possible death.

I cautiously swam to the diving bell and listened, the conductive powers of water making the conversation seem as if it were taking place two feet away.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 69



NATIONAL LAMPON

A J2 COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY

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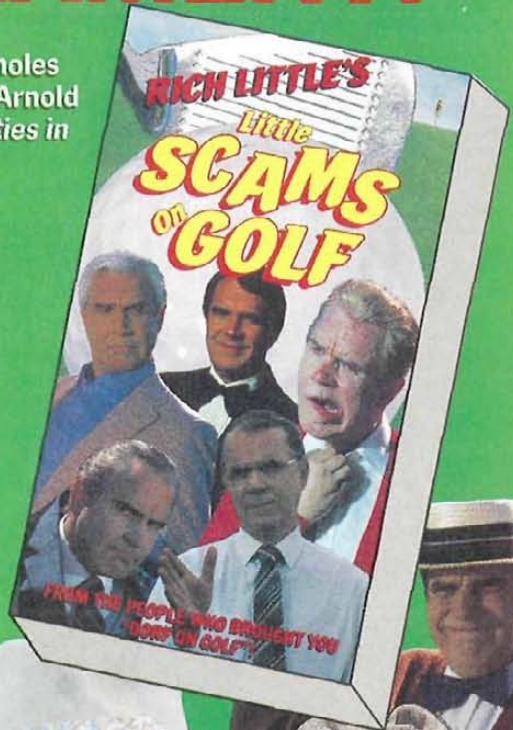
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LETTERS FROM THE EDITORS

Sirs:

Recently I found out that my best friend has been fucking my wife. While I'm glad that my best friend is getting laid, I'm kind of upset because it's my wife.

A Real Buddy
Hoboken, N.J.

Sirs:

James Oliver Huberty killed twenty people in a California McDonald's in 1984. Has that number been subtracted from the total number of billions served?

A Statistics Freak
Keeping track

Sirs:

While leafing through your last issue I became aware of what I at first assumed was a design flaw—a mottling of deep-red ink on the outer edge of each left-hand page. I quickly deduced that this was actually fresh blood, and that it was my own. You see, in turning each page I was allowing my hand to slide slowly down the edge rather than securing the page in a stationary grip (at the upper corner, for instance) before completing the motion. By the time I realized what was happening, I had sustained as many as seventy paper cuts, several to the bone.

I am not blameless in the matter. I have already mentioned the flaw in my page-turning method, and no doubt the hundreds of washings I give my hands daily (a necessity in today's toxin-coated environment) have weakened the tissue. Nonetheless, please direct your readership's atten-

tion to this potential hazard.

And keep up the good work.

Ralph Nader
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

I've got a few comments I'd like to make.

1) The drought in California is serious stuff! We back East ought to count our blessings.

2) If I ever catch my wife douching with vinegar, there'll be hell to pay. Use fruit juice or something, but I'm not going to marinate in there like some hors d'oeuvre.

3) The new Slayer record really sucks. Who signed these guys?

4) Scandinavians are so friendly—we could learn something from them. This doesn't mean socialism necessarily, but my mind is open.

I know you do humor mostly, but I figured you New York hotshots all know each other, so you'll find the right people to pass these along to. I appreciate the help.

R. Donny Whitaker
Two Cents, Ga.

Sirs:

This is ridiculous. Do you realize how many clouds we've got piled up over here? Unless we hear from you otherwise, we are going to start shipping these back west.

Cloud Warehouse
All the way at the east side of the sky

Sirs:

This is going to be the best quarter ever!

Tiny Tim Cratchit
All grown up and working for big oil

Sirs:

When are you going to start printing your magazine in large type? Don't you think we have a right to laugh like everyone else? We're not going to live forever. I guess you don't really care. Well, we fought and struggled for you and you have nothing to give us in return. I guess that's the way things are. This is the worst day of our lives.

Your Blind, Dying,
and Disabled Grandparents
On our deathbeds, U.S.A.

Sirs:

I was just accepted into Harvard and my goal is to become a doctor—one who will help poor people and underprivileged children in Third

World nations. But, goddamn it, my family wants me to be a comedy writer. I keep telling them I'm not funny, but they say I can make more money. Could you put my name on your masthead while I secretly go to medical school?

Laurence E. Doyle
Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

We are trying to raise support for a monument dedicated to the memory of the Berlin Wall, to be built on the site where the infamous wall once stood. When completed, the monument will be a sixteen-foot-high, two-foot-thick granite structure running twenty-six miles through the middle of Berlin. If any of your readers can help, please have them contact us, care of this magazine.

Gustav Dannomann
Berlin Wall Foundation
Big ol' Germany

Sirs:

Hmzzh... Wha? Huh? Yeah? Umm... yeah, yeah, whatever.

Suicide Hotline Operator
Dozing off

Sirs:

Lips tight, eyes averted, arms folded—my pose masks my inner self. How sad it is that you look, but do not see the real me.

Rugby Shirt Model
J. Crew summer catalog
Page 7

Sirs:

Every day I feel closer. Every day you get hotter. You cannot escape me.

The Relentless,
Burning, Blistering Sun

THE MOVIE THAT ANSWERS THE QUESTION,
WHO ARE THESE GUYS?

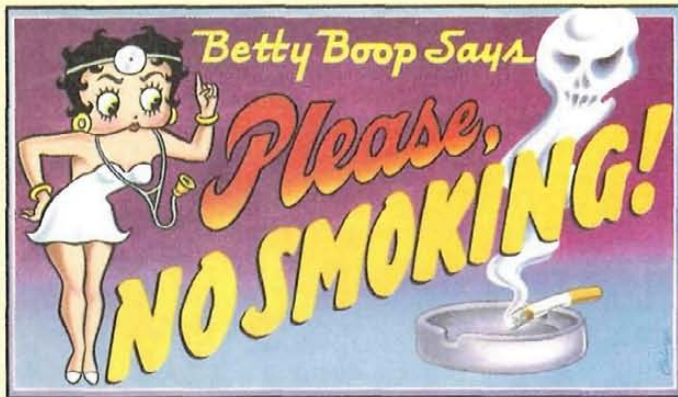
LAME DUCKS

COMING THIS SUMMER!

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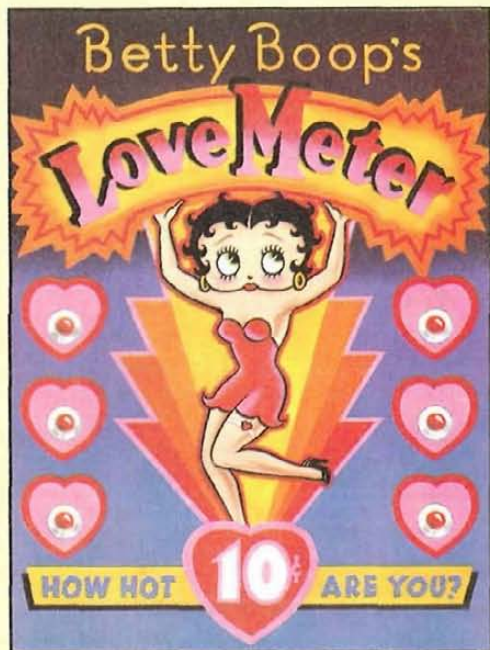
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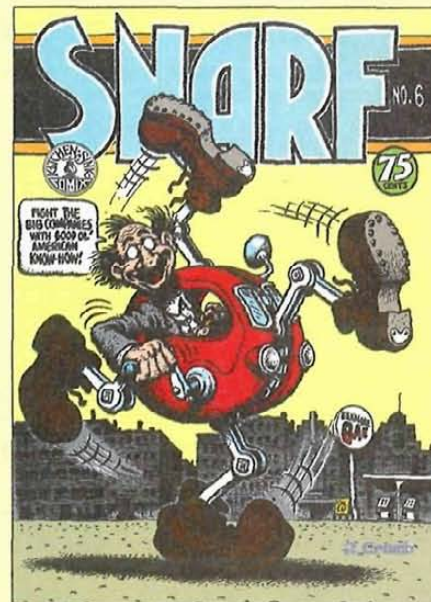


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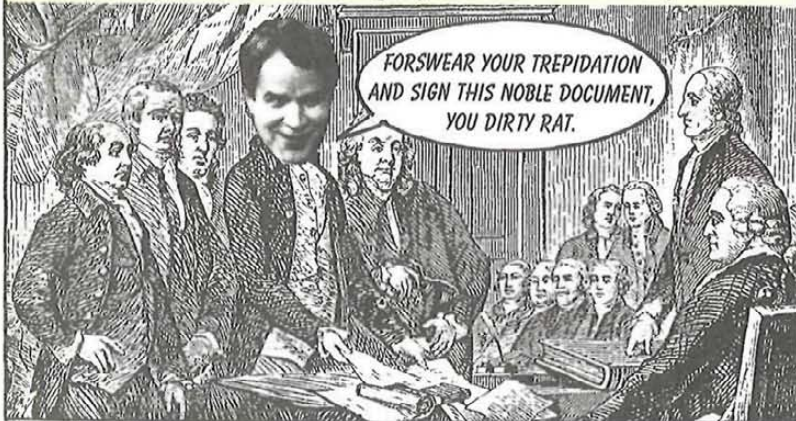
- a) _____.
- b) _____.
- c) _____.
- d) _____.
- e) _____.

How You Did: Perhaps the answer you seek is on page 14.

RICH LITTLE'S

GREAT MOMENTS IN HA-STORY

What if Jimmy Cagney was at the Signing of the Declaration of Independence?



If you enjoyed this Rich Little Ha-historical Moment, you'll surely also enjoy *Rich Little's Little Scams on Golf*, available from J2 Communications, the people who brought you *Darf on Golf* and other hilarious videos. For further information, see gaudy advertisement elsewhere in this magazine.

HUMOR YOU CAN USE

There's no end to the fun you can have at the old ballpark, even when your team sucks and will never win a World Series in your lifetime. (All examples given here are for the Chicago Cubs.)

● Dress up as the "Gay Kissing Bandit," run out onto the field, and kiss Ryne Sandberg. Afterward, walk two blocks to Halsted Street and drink free all night long at Little Jim's, Cheeks, and B.J.'s.

● Feel free to throw an extra ball into play if action seems to be lagging. For extra fun, try this on routine fly balls to left field and watch George Bell miss both of them.

● Hire an extremely buxom woman (or do this yourself, if you are extremely buxom) to sit in the first-base boxes wearing a wild hat and nearly translucent T-shirt reading "Harry Caray gave me the clap." For added television exposure, make sure she (or you) jumps up and down a lot.

Next Month:
Total Insanity at the Asylum.

FEUILLETON



HUMOR OUT OF UNIFORM

A group of officers (myself included) went one Saturday night to a local bar where we often passed our weekend evenings. Former Army Specialist Sammy Sloane, honorably discharged from the Third Infantry two weeks before, came in around 11:00 P.M. and saw the bunch of us, including his C.O., Lieutenant William Henderson. Sloane and Henderson had had more than their share of run-ins, and this was the first time

they had seen each other since Sloane's discharge.

As old soldiers will, they chatted nostalgically while knocking back a few. Eventually their good-natured banter turned a little sour, and they got into some roughhousing. Finally, Sammy socked Henderson in the jaw pretty hard.

A few of us restrained Henderson as he got up. Unable to fight back, he exclaimed, "Sloane, your ass is going to get deep-fried," and assured the enlistee that he would face a

court-martial for striking an officer. Sloane chuckled and slugged the lieutenant again, this time while holding a number of fishing weights in his fist.

"Eat my dick, Henderson," quipped Sloane to his unconscious ex-comrade-in-arms. "I ain't in your fuckin' army no more." Then Sammy about-faced and withdrew, leaving us gasping with laughter.

— contributed by Captain Robert "Okie" Caterwaul, Fort Bragg, N.C.

Steven Bodow

The Answer: For the answer you seek, dial 1-900-938-TRUE MEANING OF LIFE. There is a \$50 charge for this call.

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659
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HAND WIELDING HAMMER IDENTIFIED AS JACK WEBB'S IN 1952

BLOOD SAMPLE TAKEN FROM HAMMERHEAD MATCHES RARE BLOOD TYPE OF BOB "HOGAN" CRANE (1978)

FIST MODIFIED TO MORE RESEMBLE BLACK POWER SALUTE AFTER '68 OLYMPICS

THE CURRENT CINEMA: Shit or Garbage

Billy Bathgate	Garbage
Terminator 2: Judgment Day	Garbage
Point Break	Garbage
Other People's Money	Garbage
The Rocketeer	Garbage
Warshawski	Garbage
101 Dalmatians	Shit
Boyz n the Hood	Garbage
Regarding Henry	Garbage

National Lampoon Recommends An Opinionated Guide to the Best in Stylish Living

A Fine Meal—Enjoy a light, summery dinner and watch the sun go down from the deck of an elegant restaurant. Call your local newspaper to see if you can do this in your area.

Good Books—A thrilling page-turner that also tells us something about ourselves. Everyone has his own favorite. Ask around.

Sex—Spice up your sex life with luxury. If your area has a personals column, you can probably find people who are interested in sex.

BUSMEN OF THE KALAHARI

Black sky flanks gray sand like the sated lion with his sleeping mate, motionless, pacified, quiescent. Not for another hour will the first siver of the defiant sun read asunder the *pax nocturna*, and yet already the men stir, they rise, they crouch over tentative fires coaxed like reluctant newborn chicks from the wisps of kindling on the barren ground. The distant cry of the hyena is heard and then heard no more, but

they pay no heed. They are listening to something else: a soft, insistent sound murmuring that the night is over—and, yes, day will follow. They have gathered now in a semicircle, eyes glittering, senses on edge, and their vigilance does not go unrewarded. Soon the dripping ceases. Each man reverently fills his own hollowed gourd and then reaches for the Sweet 'n Low. Morning has begun for the Busmen of the Kalahari.

They are, without question, the most primitive com-

muters on earth. No one has penetrated the mystery of when or why the Busmen gave up a simple pastoral existence for a mode of life requiring an arduous trek each day in a cramped and noxious caravan. The Busmen's routine is simple enough to describe—waken before dawn, board bus, deboard bus an hour later, forage, reboard bus, re-deboard bus an hour later, pack up camp, move on to new area, make camp, put coffeemaker on automatic. . . . The question is, why

would a nomadic band feel the need to commute in the first place? Better schools? Less crime? Possibly, but much remains unclear. Perhaps, however, their vanishing, ancient mode of life might provide the key to understanding ourselves—understanding the roots of our own apparently unshakable need for interminable, semi-daily travel.

Ask a Busman himself why he commutes, and you will get a response that is not so much an answer as a plaintive question. "Why does the

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Digital Underground—This Is An EP Release (Tommy Boy) 419-101

Billy Squier—Creatures Of Habit (Capitol) 418-822

Lenny Kravitz—Mama Said (Virgin) 418-814

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John Scofield—Meant To Be (Blue Note) 418-749

Vince Gill—Pocket Full Of Gold (MCA) 418-459

Steelheart (MCA) 418-095

Julio Iglesias—Starry Night (Columbia) 411-173

Paul Simon—The Rhythm Of The Saints (Warner Bros.) 412-809

Bulletboys—Freakshow (Warner Bros.) 417-972

Escape Club—Dollars And Sex (Atlantic) 417-964

The O'Jays—Emotionally Yours (EMI) 417-709

Earl Klugh—Midnight In San Juan (Warner Bros.) 416-776

George Howard—Love And Understanding (GRP) 416-644

Marty Stuart—Templed (MCA) 416-305

Luther Vandross—Power Of Love (Epic) 418-848

David Lee Roth—A Little Ain't Enough (Warner Bros.) 416-610

Great White—Hooked (Capitol) 416-784

Johnny Gill (Motown) 406-991

Yellowjackets—Greenhouse (GRP) 416-198

Roger McGuinn—Back From Rio (Arista) 416-149

The Chick Corea Acoustic Band—Alive (GRP) 416-081

Celine Dion—Unison (Epic) 415-430

Ralph Tresvant (MCA) 415-547

Engelbert Humperdinck—Love Is The Reason (Critique) 415-141

London Beat—In The Blood (Radioactive/MCA) 419-150

Wynton Marsalis—Intimacy Calling—Standard Time, Vol. 2 (Columbia) 417-675

Diane Schuur—Pure Schuur (GRP) 415-331

The Rembrandts (Alco) 417-378

Dwight Yoakam—If There Was A Way (Reprise) 414-243

Joe Sample—Ashes To Ashes (Warner Bros.) 414-151

Levert—Rope A Dope Style (Atlantic) 413-575

Michael Bolton—Time, Love & Tenderness (Columbia) 415-711

Gerald Albright—Dream Come True (Atlantic) 414-003

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Dolly Parton—Eagle When She Flies (Columbia) 412-171

Megadeth—Rust In Peace (Capitol) 412-148

Dobby McFerrin—Medicine Music (EMI) 412-064

Gerald Alston—Open Invitation (Motown) 412-023

Reba McEntire—Rumor Has It (MCA) 411-538

Toto—Past To Present 1977-1990 (Columbia) 411-371

L.L. Cool J—Mama Said Knock You Out (Columbia) 411-165

Susanna Hoffs—When You're A Boy (Columbia) 411-140

Carly Simon—Have You Seen Me Lately? (Arista) 411-066

Grateful Dead—Without A Net (Arista) 410-365/390-369

George Thorogood And The Destroyers—Boogie People (EMI) 418-061

The Simpsons Sing The Blues (Geffen) 413-971

Vanilla Ice—To The Extreme (SBK) 413-203

Living Colour—Time's Up (Epic) 410-357

Trixter (Mechanic) 410-266

Alexander O'Neal—All True Man (Tabu) 409-169

The Essential Little Richard (Specialty) 414-854

Jimi Hendrix—Radio One (Rykodisc) 412-379

The Rascals' Greatest Hits—Time Peace (Atlantic) 411-322

Hollies—Epic Anthology (Epic) 409-730

The Monkees—Greatest Hits (Arista) 408-203

Heart—Dreamboat Annie (Capitol) 405-936

Crosby, Stills, Nash And Young—Deja Vu (Atlantic) 404-202

Alice Cooper—School's Out (Warner Bros.) 402-644

Grateful Dead—Skeletons From The Closet (Warner Bros.) 378-406

Roy Orbison—The All-Time Hits, Vols. 1 & 2 (Columbia Special Prod.) 377-945

The Who—Who's Better, Who's Best (MCA) 376-657

The Very Best Of The Everly Brothers (Warner Bros.) 372-912

Steppenwolf—16 Greatest Hits (MCA) 372-425

The Doors (Elektra) 369-991

The Turtles—20 Greatest Hits (Rhino) 369-090

Best of Ritchie Valens (Rhino) 369-082

Dion And The Belmonts—Their Best (Laurel) 369-074

Marvin Gaye—Greatest Hits (Motown) 367-565

The Beach Boys—Pet Sounds (Capitol) 367-193

Jethro Tull—Thick As A Brick (Chrysalis) 367-136

The Drifters—Golden Hits (Atlantic) 365-841

Traffic—John Barleycorn Must Die (Island) 364-935

Van Morrison—Saint Dominic's Preview (Warner Bros.) 364-927

Yes—Fragile (Atlantic) 351-957

Aretha Franklin—30 Greatest Hits (Atlantic) 350-793/390-799

Rolling Stones—Exile On Main Street (Rolling Stones Rec.) 350-652

The Mamas & The Papas—16 Of Their Greatest Hits (MCA) 348-623

Pat Benatar—True Love (Chrysalis) 418-624

Buddy Holly—From The Orig. Master Tapes (MCA) 348-110

The Beach Boys—Made In U.S.A. (Capitol) 346-445

Chuck Berry—The Great Twenty-Eight (Chess) 343-657

The Byrds—Greatest Hits (Columbia) 342-501

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Smokey Robinson & The Miracles—Anthology (Motown) 336-057/396-051

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The Doors—Morrison Hotel (Elektra) 292-615

James Taylor—Sweet Baby James (Warner Bros.) 292-284

Jackson Browne—The Pretender (Asylum) 292-243

Best Of Carly Simon (Elektra) 291-856

Jimi Hendrix Experience—Smash Hits (Reprise) 291-641

Emerson, Lake & Palmer—Brain Salad Surgery (Atlantic) 291-526

Led Zeppelin IV (Atlantic) 291-435

Best Of The Doobie Bros. (Warner Bros.) 291-278

The Steve Miller Band—Greatest Hits 1974-1978 (Capitol) 290-171

Eagles—Greatest Hits 1971-1975 (Asylum) 287-003

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Linda Ronstadt—Greatest Hits (Asylum) 286-740

The Best Of ZZ Top (Warner Bros.) 279-620

Meat Loaf—Bat Out Of Hell (Epic) 279-133

Steely Dan—Aja (MCA) 277-954

Boston (Epic) 269-209

Peter Gabriel—Shaking The Tree: 16 Golden Greats (Geffen) 415-968

Chicago—Greatest Hits (Columbia) 260-638

Bruce Springsteen—Born To Run (Columbia) 257-279

Billy Joel—Piano Man (Columbia) 239-863

Simon & Garfunkel—Greatest Hits (Columbia) 219-477

Joni Mitchell—Ladies Of The Canyon (Reprise) 189-688

IMMACULATE COLLECTION (Warner Bros./Sire) 414-557

Bob Dylan—Greatest Hits (Columbia) 138-596

Anita Baker—Compositions (Elektra) 408-989

Poison—Flesh & Blood (Capitol/Enigma) 408-963

ZZ Top—Recycler (Warner Bros.) 418-491

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Alan Jackson—Here In The Real World (Arista) 406-785

Winger—In The Heart Of The Young (Atlantic) 406-678

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Aerosmith—Pump (Geffen) 388-009

Mötley Crüe—Dr. Feelgood (Elektra) 387-944

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Rolling Stones—Steel Wheels (Rolling Stones Rec.) 387-738

Faith No More—The Real Thing (Reprise/Slash) 387-399

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Bonnie Raitt—Nick Of Time (Capitol) 381-087

The Cult—Sonic Temple (Sire/Reprise) 381-798

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Freddie Jackson—Do Me Again (Capitol) 413-542

Jeffrey Osborne—Only Human (Arista) 411-637

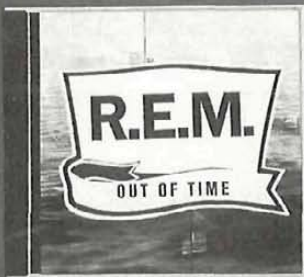
Fleetwood Mac—Greatest Hits (Warner Bros.) 375-782

Dire Straits—Money For Nothing (Warner Bros.) 375-055

Paula Abdul—Forever Your Girl (Virgin) 374-637

U2—Rattle And Hum (Island) 374-017

The Traveling Wilburys—Vol. 3 (Warner Bros./Wilbury) 413-872



R.E.M.—Out of Time
(Warner Bros.) 417-923



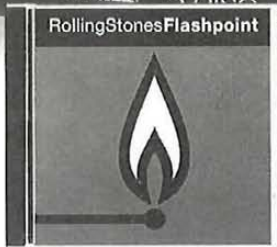
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Whitney Houston—I'm Your Baby Tonight (Arista) 411-710



C & C Music Factory—Gonna Make You Sweat
(Columbia) 416-933



Rolling Stones—Flashpoint (Rolling Stones Rec.) 418-715

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Aerosmith—Greatest Hits (Columbia) 306-225

Anderson, Bruford, Wakeman, Howe (Arista) 384-115

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INTERNATIONAL HAND SIGNALS FOR COCKTAIL PARTIES

As you know, August is cocktail-party month. To ensure a minimum of embarrassment, here are the internationally recognized hand signals used at cocktail parties.



DRINK GLASS MOVED TO PLATE—Subject is boring; change topic.



TWO FINGERS PULLING NOSTRILS—Offending matter visible in your nose.



TWO FINGERS TO EAR-LOBE—You have already related this anecdote.



CLAMPED FIST IN FRONT OF MOUTH—Subject of your story has just entered party.



PALM UP; SUBJECT SAYS "HEEY!"—Subject has forgotten visitor's name; introduce yourself.



LICKING CREAM CHEESE OUT OF CEBERY STALK—Subject is free after the party.

ROBERT LEIGHTON

RATE YOURSELF...

...according to where you stand when you take a leak.



TOM ROWAL

You're a fag! What are ya doin', checkin' me out?

ME

You checkin' me out, fag-boy? You gonna try to hold my hand?

You're still too close, buddy. Back off!

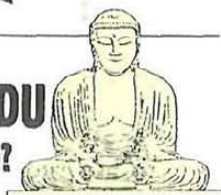
A normal guy. Or at least that's what you want me to think!

What are ya, chicken? You got something to hide? Afraid to piss next to a real man?



BUDDHIST VS. HINDU

Can you tell the difference?



	BUDDHISM	HINDUISM	BOTH	NEITHER
Shaven heads	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Affiliation with George Harrison	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Multicolored robes	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Finger cymbals	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Rub deity's tummy for good luck	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Embraced by martial arts stud Steven Seagal	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

gazelle scamper in the spring?" replies the elder, brushing a fly from his wizened tongue. "How does the zebra get his stripes like that?" For as the sun makes its headlong dash across the sky, so too do the Busmen rush to catch the 7:18 express, even if it means they have to stand, instead of waiting for the 7:30 local through !Kdunga, as we Westerners might be tempted to do. And as the vast herds of eland push and shove one another aside to get to the water hole, so the



Busmen scramble for the few available seats that nature apports only to the fittest and the very, very pregnant.

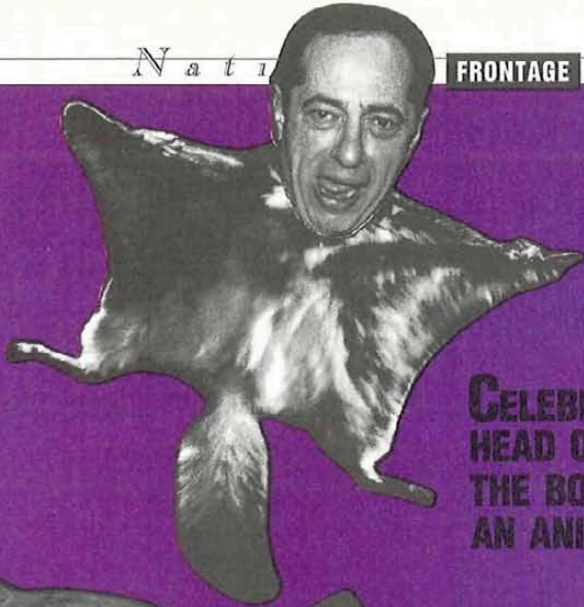
In the course of seventeen months of study in the field, it became abundantly obvious that commuting is more than an incidental facet of the Busmen's lives. (Indeed, they

would hardly be called "Busmen" if this were the case.) On one occasion, a compelling drama unfolded as a small band awaited a bus that had apparently been delayed (a not unusual occurrence in the veldt, where a dry riverbed might become a raging torrent in minutes, if there were some way to add a great deal of water to it in a very short time). Confronted with a similar situation, a European or American would realize that no action of his own could expedite the arrival of

the overdue vehicle; among the Busmen, no such separation of self and world exists. Members of the band could be observed repeatedly glancing at their wrists, sighing loudly, walking around in small circles shaking their heads—as if these ritual gestures might exert a magical influence on the missing bus.

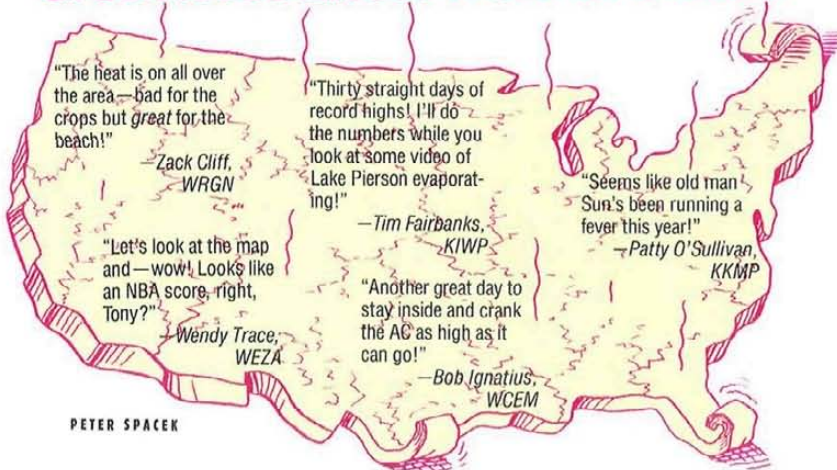
For the Busmen, then, commuting is not a rational act, but rather a ritual as integral to their arduous desert life as the casually crumpled bush jacket is to that of he who

Jim Lehrer's BLOTTER

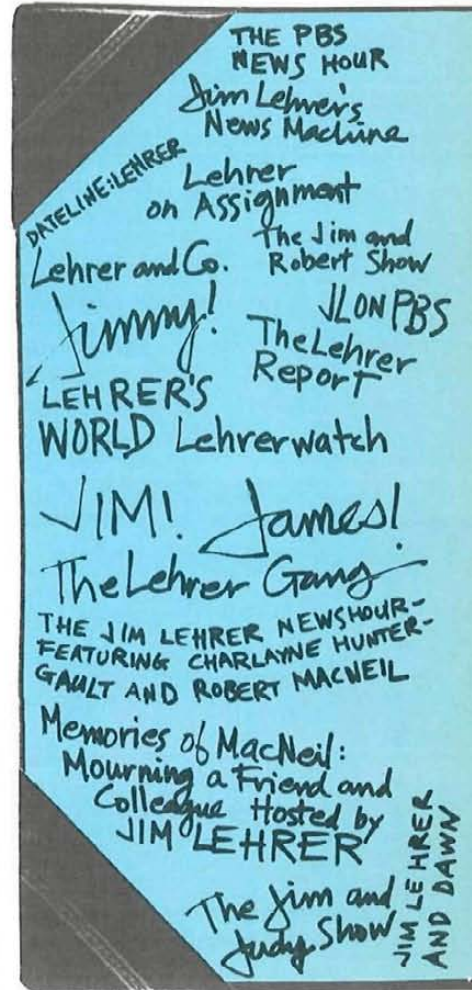


CELEBRITY HEAD ON THE BODY OF AN ANIMAL

Greenhouse Effect Weather Chatter



PETER SPACER



would study them. And yet, just as with the bush jacket, there may be a religious significance as well. Recently discovered rock paintings, apparently dating back to an epoch when people painted on rocks, depict crude stick figures engaged in a group activity. Although some hidebound academicians insist these paintings show a lion hunt, it might be argued that these figures represent the Busmen's aged and infirm—that thing that looks like a spear could be a walker, and that other thing could be

one of those tripod canes—about to embark on a sacred journey to a mythical land of sun and water. There, Busman legend relates, they will no longer need to ride and forage, instead passing their final days peacefully reflecting and playing doubles. Is the daily bus ride, then, ritual preparation for a final commute, one with no return ticket?

To the Busmen, the question is moot. As the twentieth century draws to a close, their way of life is slowly dying—squeezed out by

higher fares and cutbacks in service. Even now only a few can recite the traditional timetables with accuracy, and those few are all old men. Many of the new generation, impatient with a daily trek they find increasingly meaningless, are purchasing condos near where they grub for roots and insects. Within a decade or two, the awesome sight of an endless column of big, grimy buses moving at a snail's pace bumper-to-bumper across the Kalahari may be only a memory—yet another

casualty of what we call "progress." For the desert is an unforgiving place. It will not—it cannot—be responsible for personal belongings.

And so farewell, brave Busmen, victims of inevitable, inexorable, exact change.

Glenn Eichler
Peter Gaffney

FROM OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT

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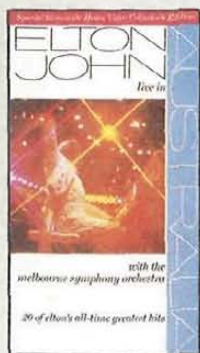


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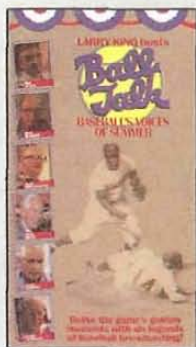
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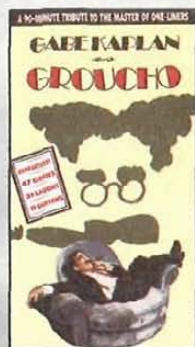
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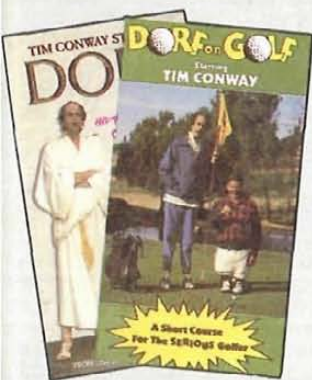


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 The thrilling, tragic, and real roller-coaster life of the rock and roll legend!



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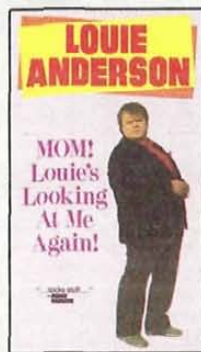
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Bud & Lou J2-0045 | <input type="checkbox"/> Carol Burnett Vol. 2, J2-0015 | <input type="checkbox"/> Louie Anderson J2-0048 | <input type="checkbox"/> Jerry Lee Lewis J2-0046 | <input type="checkbox"/> Gabe as Groucho J2-0011 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Stand-up Reagan J2-0043 | <input type="checkbox"/> Champions Forever J2-0047 | <input type="checkbox"/> Rtn. of P. Panther J2-0064 | <input type="checkbox"/> Dorf & Mt. Olympus J2-0020 | |

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WHERE DO RACIAL AND ETHNIC STEREOTYPES COME FROM?

Nobody likes racial and ethnic stereotypes, yet everyone must admit that they do evolve from a kernel of truth. For those of you who want to know where our stereotypes come from, here are a few answers:



THE PUSHY JEW

Richard Schulman
135-25 Morrison Ave.
Skokie, Ill.

THE IRISH DRUNK

Brian Downey
1887 Rush St.
Chicago, Ill.



THE LAZY BLACK

Tyrone Mason
144 Sharkey Lane
Detroit, Mich.

THE MINCING HOMOSEXUAL

Bruce Sebert
15 Bay St.
San Francisco, Calif.

THE BALL-BUSTING WOMAN

Ellen McCauley
35 West Hope Blvd.
New Canaan, Conn.

THE IGNORANT HICK

Joe-Bob Wiggins
RD #2
Valdosta, Ga.



HARK NEWGARDEN

Ribald Folk Song



Mamma bakes de shortbread
Dat I like to eat,
Mamma bakes de shortbread,
Hot shortbread.

NATLAMP's Familiar Quotations

This Month: Saturday-Afternoon Kung Fu Movies

"YOU WANNA FIGHT? FIGHT ME!"

"YOUR CRANE STYLE VERY GOOD, MA FU YI.
BUT IT NO MATCH FOR MY TIGER STYLE!"

"NO FIGHTING IN MY RESTAURANT!"

THIS MONTH IN BREAKFAST

August 21, 1968—After many sight gags and a lot of minor human tragedy, Apple Jacks' "Free Mouse-trap" premium is discontinued.

August 14, 1975—Having missed many breakfasts because of the pressure of the Arab oil embargo, President Gerald Ford is stricken by faintness on the steps of the Capitol and stumbles. The White House is effectively ceded to the Democrats.

August 4, 1977—The real-life Mrs. Butterworth resurfaces after a twenty-year absence. Promotional tour goes awry when she makes insulting remarks about Aunt Jemima and the Vermont Maid.

August 31, 1982—General Mills introduces Hamchunks, a "crunchy, crispy ham-flavored cereal with a touch of pineapple." Despite a favorable reception from consumers, Hamchunks is discontinued when Warner Bros. threatens to sue over Hamchunks' mascot, "Oinky," who looks and sounds remarkably like Porky Pig.



August 19, 1987—Captain Bruce "Cap'n" Crunch dies of barnacles at the age of eighty-seven.

how their air-travel plans were thrown off when they got "bumped." This had never happened to me, so I was a tad skeptical.

But just last month, I was meeting a Continental connecting flight in Denver. (I should have known better; Continental is apparently famous for this sort of thing.) I was heading up the boarding ramp when some lard-ass swung the turn a little wide, whacked me with his garment bag, and sent me flying into the wall.

I stood there, shocked and

dazed, as my "fellow" passengers paraded by, oblivious to my plight. No bones were broken, thank goodness, but one thing was certain—there was no way I could get on the plane with the arrogant, luggage-wielding thug, and I was grateful for the alternate flight and hotel room the airline was now legally bound to provide.

It's taken me several days here at the hotel to recuperate, and I've run up quite a hefty room-service bill. But that's Continental's problem,

not mine, and I've learned a valuable lesson—never again will I laugh when someone tells me he was "bumped."

Ian Maxtone-Graham

OUR COMPETITIVENESS AT STAKE

The Supreme Court's recent decision in *Michigan Textile Works v. Wilbury*, which denies businesses the right to shoot injured or sick employees, will hurt American competitiveness, busi-

ness leaders say.

"People talk productivity gains, but judicial activism and special interests keep us from putting it into action," said Roy Verdile, a spokesperson for the Business Forum. "An inefficient or unhealthy workplace costs every American consumer. Strong management rights are the solution, but a better working climate needs to be created. It wouldn't surprise me if Michigan Textile moves to Singapore, where this practice is common all the time."



INTRODUCING COLLECTOR CARDS AS POWERFUL AS THE FILM THAT INSPIRED THEM.



The Terminator™ has returned from the future. This time, he brought pictures. 140 "TERMINATOR™ 2: JUDGMENT DAY" Movie Cards from the motion picture and behind-the-scenes action, including exclusive photography not available in any other card collection. Plus, we've included a special card in each pack offering T2™ merchandise not available at retail.

Collect the entire series. Because when he's through, the cards may be the only things that survive.



OFFICIAL "TERMINATOR™ 2: JUDGMENT DAY" MOVIE CARDS.

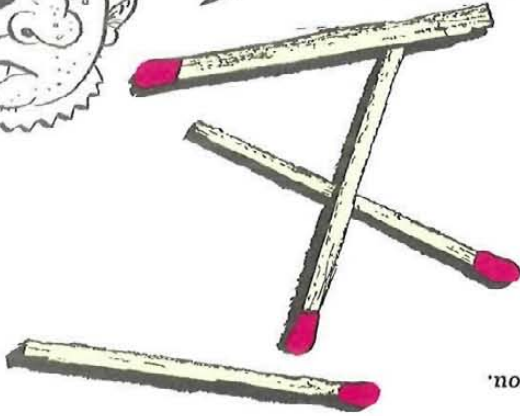
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Join the war against the machines! Play the Terminator™ 2 Telephone Challenge and "Save Mankind." Dial 1-900-370-T2T2 and face the Terminator!™ Qualify to win a T2 Midway Video Arcade Game and more! \$1.95 the first minute, \$1.45 each additional minute. For complete rules and regulations, write to: "Save Mankind" P.O. Box 7042, FDR Station, NY, NY 10022.

CAP'N CRAGG'S PUZZLE BAGG



HEY, YOU STUPID KIDS, CAN YOU MAKE THESE FOUR MATCHSTICKS INTO TEN?



PETER SPACKER

Well, Good for you.

Recipe for Danger

A Bachelor's Quick Morning Crisis

Ingredients:

- 1 faulty alarm clock
- 2 white shirts
- 1 necktie
- Razor and shaving cream
- 1 large Adam's apple



On the evening before you'd like your crisis, set the faulty alarm clock for 8:00. When the alarm rings at 9:30, wake up in a panic and put on 1 white

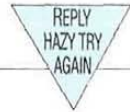
shirt and necktie. Once fully dressed, realize that you have not shaved, and commence to do so. Shave briskly, without water. Nick Adam's apple and neck repeatedly, until blood spots appear on fresh white collar. Remove tie, then remove shirt and set aside in crumpled ball to deal with later. Put on the second shirt, and then the necktie. Rush to work, rattled, hungry, bleeding, and poorly shaved.

MARCUS SORENSEN



Ask the Eight Ball

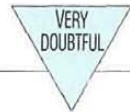
Will Jane and I ever get back together?



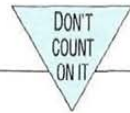
Will Jane and I ever get back together?



Will Jane and I ever get back together?



Will Jane and I ever get back together?



Will Jane and I ever get back together?



By contrast, labor groups hailed the decision as a victory. "We've said all along that issues like these shouldn't be imposed unilaterally, but should be worked out at the bargaining table. When management practices have the support of labor, they are that much more effective," said Noreen Brian, spokesperson for the AFL-CIO.

The case started when Sheri Baines, a factory worker at Michigan Textile's Grand Rapids mill, complained of chest pains. She

was shot by her supervisor. The Supreme Court upheld the decision of a lower court by a 5-4 margin.

Chris Marcil

"NOT EVERYONE WILL BE FAMOUS FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES"
An Analysis

For witless talk-show hosts and lazy pundits alike, Andy Warhol's seemingly incisive prediction that "in the future, everyone will be famous for fifteen minutes" has become a worn cliché to be called

upon whenever original thought becomes too difficult.

Given its ubiquity, we decided to take a closer look at what might very well be Andy Warhol's most enduring legacy. And what better way to investigate this matter than with a highly scientific formula....

—Taking "in the future" to mean *in the coming years*, we may assume Warhol was talking about the next decade (the nineties). But this limited time frame would render his prediction pat-

ently absurd (see below), so we'll generously take "in the future" to mean *in the next millennium*.

—Since most people feel entitled to their fifteen minutes of fame, it is only fair to assume "everybody" means *everybody*, that is, the *world's entire population*.

—Though we all have different conceptions of what being "famous" really means, in the interest of science we've reduced "famous" to a constant. Since simultaneous fame for Earth's entire population

THE EQUALIZER

THIS MONTH: Eats Cheapifier

PREPARATION: Cut out document and conceal flat on person.

SCENARIO: Having made reservations in advance, you arrive at fancy-schmancy restaurant you couldn't possibly afford under ordinary circumstances. Surreptitiously replace specials card attached to menu with Equalized specials. When waiter returns to table, say, "I think I'll have the [steak/lobster/duck] special."

CONTINGENCY PLAN: If waiter insists that no such special exists, demand equal price reduction on "whatever so-called specials you have that *do* exist." Be prepared to repeat this request several times, perhaps quite loudly, so that the maître d' can also hear you.

Today's Specials

Two-pound filet mignon, grilled in spiced butter and topped with sautéed white onions and mushroom caps. \$5.50

Giant Maine lobster, boiled to perfection and stuffed with crabmeat, served hoagie-style. \$4.75

Barbecued duck meat with broiled duck bill Milanese. (Yummy yum.) \$3.95

Specials include appetizer (jumbo shrimps or buttered snails), soup or salad bar, choice of potato or rice, and all-you-can-drink wine and liquor bar.

Ellis Island Revisited:

Original Names of Our U.S. Presidents

- Tomás Jesús María López García Jefferson
- Abraham Lincolnstein
- Baron Otto Waldo von Taftthöven
- Calvin Koolidgeygskwreski
- J F(utomaki) Kennedy
- Reinaldo Reagomanelli



CAN'T WAIT FOR YOUR NEXT NATIONAL LAMPOON?

You don't have to! Just pick up the phone and call 1-212-645-5040 and ask for Debra, the *National Lampoon* faxtress. She will fax you pages from next month's *National Lampoon today*. The charge is only two dollars per page anywhere in the continental United States (ask for special rates to Hawaii, Alaska, and foreign lands). All payments must be in U.S. funds, and be received in advance.

Frontage Contributors:

Christine Caldwell, John Collier, Richard Lavenstein, Robert Leighton, Ian Maxtone-Graham, Robert N. Strickland, and the Editors.

would mean fame for nobody—fame necessarily requiring a rapt audience of admirers and gawkers—a limited number of people per fifteen minutes can be "famous." That number is 10, expressed as the constant, P—as in the number of persons profiled in *People* magazine feature stories per issue.

Thus, $F = P \times T$ (time expressed in minutes) $\div 15$.

Using this precise method, we can now figure exactly how many people will really be famous in the future.

Assuming 10 persons per 15 minutes (the *People* constant) will be famous 24 hours a day—a very generous assumption, considering that most people will not want to be famous during the undesirable midnight-to-sunrise hours—the following timetable indicates that you needn't hire a press agent anytime soon.

Number of celebs per 24-hour day: 960
 Number of celebs per week: 6,720
 Number of celebs per

month: 28,800
 Number of celebs per non-leap year: .. 345,600
 Number of celebs per decade: 3,456,000
 Number of celebs per century: 34,560,000
 Number of celebs per millennium: . 345,600,000
 Number of years until "everybody" is famous: 15,046
 Number of years until every resident of Maine is famous 3.5
 Number of years until every resident of America is famous 752

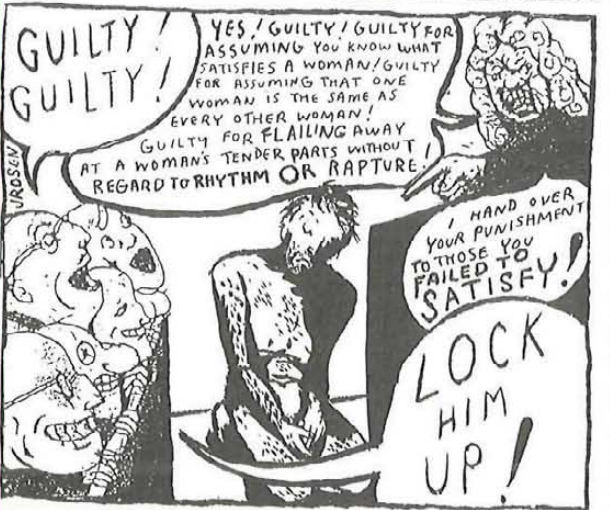
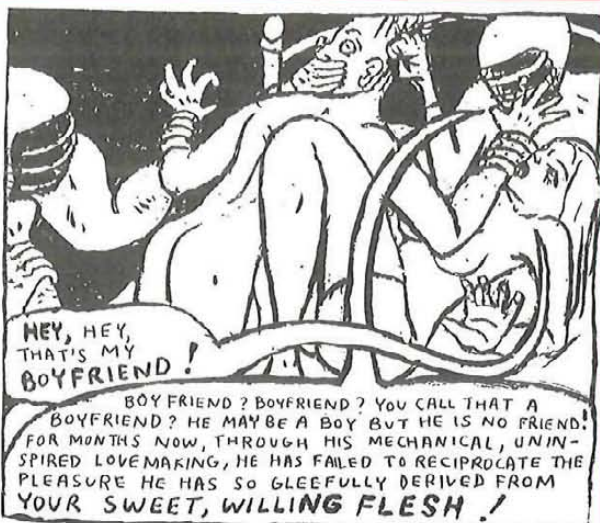
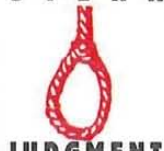
Number of years until every resident of Djibouti is famous 0.94
 Amount of your (70-year) lifetime you can expect to be famous if "everybody" else is too: .. 4.2 seconds
 Amount of your lifetime you can expect to be famous if everyone else in America is too: 85 seconds
 Amount of your lifetime you can expect to be famous if everyone else in Djibouti is too: 18.75 hours

Michael Konik

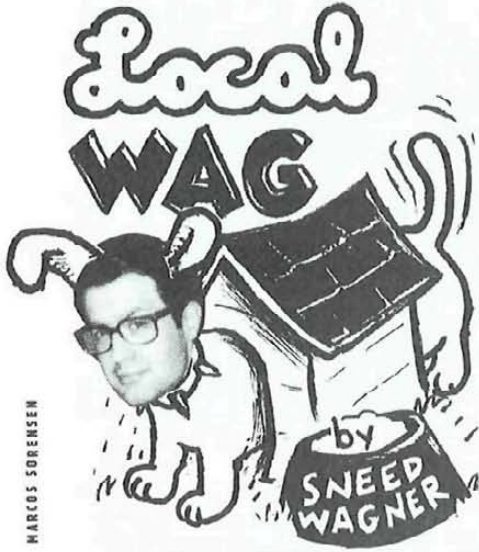


SHOW TRIAL

THIS MONTH'S DEFENDANT: Rick Dickson
THIS MONTH'S CHARGE: Bad Fucking



ILLUSTRATED BY JONATHON ROSEN

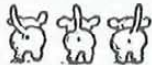


"When a dog bites a man that is not news, but when a man bites a dog that is news."

—John B. Bogart

A Howling Success: That's what our own Bachelor Mayor declared this year's Dog Days, reading from the same yellowing scrap he has read from every year since Dog Days whelped back in '79, which begs the question: since the Wheeler Dog Dome burned down in '88, mightn't a new *nom de soirée* be in order? If so, may we repeat our oft-repeated proposal for a Little Town Blues Festivale? (No, we do not believe it would attract the wrong element.) And if not the Summertime Blues, just ohpleasegod anything but a return to the "Manhattan-Monee Corn Boil"....

But Dog Days '91 it was and the Wag was there, sniffing out the hottest and saltiest Doggie Doings and Don'ts....



Catfight, Doggie-Style: Tongues are still wagging over the selection of Pegi Peterson as the 1991 Dog Queen. Some folks have questioned the impartiality of Pageant Official Dan Peterson, editor-publisher of the Times-Caveat (Manhattan's real weekly newspaper) and just coincidentally weershure, proud pop. Others have suggested, offtherecordofcourse, that Pegi was the only contestant willing to sleep with the judge. *Meowch!*

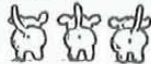
Asked for a comment on the scandal, Mayor Ed, ever the realpolitico, replied he would have voted for Elton John, Dog Days Nights' featured headliner, and just coincidentally weershure, an oldgoodfriend of hissoner's. Elton, whom the mayor calls La Reginalda, returned the compliment, closing his

show with a devastatingly lachrymose rendition of "Daniel," only with the name "Edward" substituted in. And yet Wag couldn't help but think he preferred Elton's old wacky glasses to the new tacky cocktail dresses....



Hot Doggers: Say what you will about Roseanne Barr and her Blubby Hubby, but their appetite-squelching PDAs aside, the two-by-foursome soared well above and beyond the duty roster as celebrity judges of the annual Dog Days Corn-dog Swallow. As he has for the past eleven years, Mayor Ed let the dogs fly by deepdowning a footlong, only to suddenly tense up and fall to the ground clutching his throat. Thinking quickly, Roseanne's slightly lighter half dropped to his knees and sucked the lodged wiener right out of the mayor's gullet. Mayor Ed thanked the two tons, saying he had never had so much fun in public before....

Also hotdogging it was Bobby De Niro, star sophomore defensive end of the Manhattan Mayhems, as well as Bobby De Niro, the famous actor. De Niro, the athlete, of course lives here, but De Niro, the Brando of Our Generation, was in town downing doggies by the dozen in preparation for his upcoming movie role as the Brando of Their Generation: Marlon Brando. (The HollyBird tells Wag that the real Brando, meanwhile, is Slim-fasting furiously in hopes of nabbing the role of himself as a young man in the biopic, tentatively titled Brando.) Anyhooooo...the two Bobbys were matching each other dog for dog until a voice in the crowd yelled out, "Hey, Bobby De Niro!" To which Bobby the Junior quipped, "You talkin' to me?," causing Bobby the Senior to laugh so hard he blew dog. But, proving there's madness to his Method, the actor just calmly asked for a new napkin and dug into a new pile of weenies....



Doggone: On a sad note, the Dog Days Top Dog doo had to be canceled when celebrity judge Jerry Lee, the eponymous pooch of K-9 fame, became ensnared in a violent disagreement with Butthead, John Maguire's bull mastiff. To prevent injuries to onlookers, both dogs were put down on the spot by sharpshooting Sheriff Lucy Maxwell, who needed only three slugs to do it. Officials say that Dirty Hair, Pete Mulcahey's mixed beast, will have his reign as Top Dog extended until the '92 contest....

Toothless Twosome: Spotted rubbing tusks at the Bottomless Cup of Coffee or Tea over the weekend: Nicolas Cage and Vicki Thorton, Manhattan's own Lauren Hutton, but with a much, much wider space. Nic and Vic met in June when the self-mutilating actor accidentally picked up Vic's plates at the Optident Outlet in Kankakee. After switching incisors, they've apparently decided they enjoy swapping saliva as well....



Wagola: Larry Finestine, Manhattan's own Jew, plans to open a deli, or Jewish-style restaurant, this fall. Larry says the restaurant will serve bagels, which look like doughnuts but are hard and chewy and not sweet. Good luck, Larry....



Wag Bag: In the You-Can't-Believe-Every-Rumor-You-Read Dept., Senator Ted Kennedy and his son Patrick, on the road to a political rally in Des Moines, Iowa, made an extended pit stop at Sally Anne's Drink Tank last Thursday—and no rapes or vehicular homicides were reported.... Sally Kirkland made three movies while in town over the weekend, and still had time to appear in the Manhattan Players' mounting of The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie. Kirkland dropped her top midway through the second act, prompting one theatergawker to exclaim, "It's just like in the movies!" and another to remark, "They look so real!"... Marybeth Hoagland, piano and voice teacher at Chas. Dodgson Junior High, says the rock group DeadBeats has agreed to record two of her songs on their next album, though all she has is an oral agreement at this point.... Ken Russell's Crimes of Passion has finally found its way to the Manhattan Duplex after its distributors agreed to make the cuts requested by Polly Anderson, Manhattan's Keeper of the Community Standards. Funny, when Wag saw the film in Chi-town a few years back, it had Kathleen Turner in it.... Nobody saw him, but something in the wind tells Wag that eurowannabe Mickey Rourke was also in town last week....



The Last Wag: If a certain Jr. High Music Marm keeps offering private instruction to every minor rockjock and roadie who floats through town, we're going to snag that federal Centers for Disease Control regional office yet....



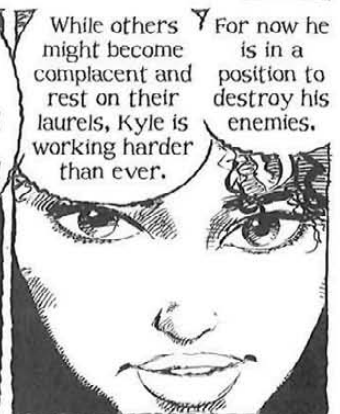
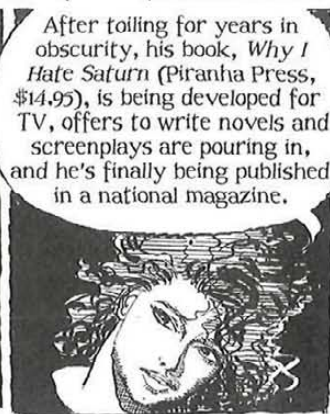
Kyle Baker's PETTY and VINDICTIVE FUNNIES

**AND NOW
A FEW WORDS
FROM
KYLE BAKER'S
INCREDIBLY
BEAUTIFUL
GIRLFRIEND.**

Well, it's been a long haul, but Kyle's finally getting the recognition he deserves.

After toiling for years in obscurity, his book, *Why I Hate Saturn* (Piranha Press, \$14.95), is being developed for TV, offers to write novels and screenplays are pouring in, and he's finally being published in a national magazine.

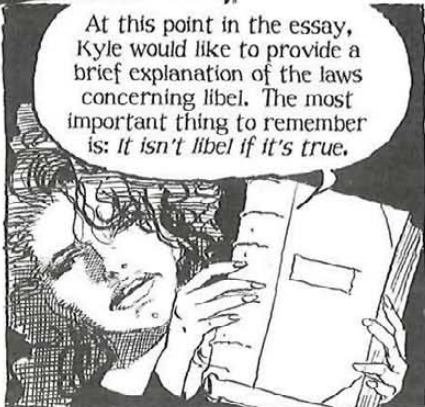
While others might become complacent and rest on their laurels, Kyle is working harder than ever. For now he is in a position to destroy his enemies.



At this point in the essay, Kyle would like to provide a brief explanation of the laws concerning libel. The most important thing to remember is: *It isn't libel if it's true.*

For instance, if we were to say that Leonard Hirsch, editor of *New York Visions*, is a lying sack of shit who owes Kyle money and artwork, it would not be libel.

We can provide witnesses who can prove that he is a liar and a cheat.



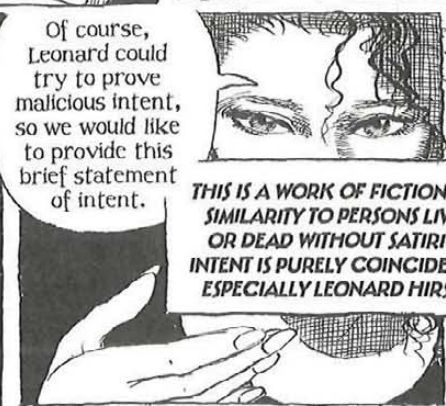
"Sack of shit" is not actionable as libel, because it is obviously conjecture and nobody will really believe that Leonard is an actual, physical bag of excrement.

Of course, Leonard could try to prove malicious intent, so we would like to provide this brief statement of intent.

Well, that's it for now. I'd just like to say thanks, and see you next month. Also, Kyle's ex-girlfriend Lisa is a bitch.

THIS IS A WORK OF FICTION, ANY SIMILARITY TO PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD WITHOUT SATIRICAL INTENT IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL, ESPECIALLY LEONARD HIRSCH.

THE END



C. 1991 Kyle Baker.
Leonard Hirsch is a registered trademark of Kyle Baker.
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SPORTS DESK



with
Eli "Socks" Gallagher

Editor's note: Eli "Socks" Gallagher's copy did not arrive by press time; he called and left a message, but it was hard to make out what he was saying because of all the background noise. Filling in is J. T. Grinder, the Philadelphia-based author of the hilarious "Sports Walk of Shame" series published by Warner Paperbacks.

We all know the great moments in sports. The great plays. The great stars. But what about the mistakes, the blunders, the bloopers and boners? I like to show a "goofier," more fallible, more "human" side of the superstars we only think we know. To "cut them down to size," if you will. One thing I've found: the big, famous hotshot who everyone thinks is so great usually has some secret foible that makes him just like you and me. My job is to help him off his "high horse." When we see our "heroes" as "humans," that's good for everybody who's ever been a little bookish, who maybe wears glasses, or who doesn't have very good posture or a robust "he-man voice." Maybe if we all looked at our "idols" with a grain of salt, we'd see that there are more important things than fame and brawn and a wide hard chest (or a "superstar" who only cares about his own pleasure) and that an average, sensitive guy is "every bit as good."

Scott Whyte Plays the "Field"

Most know Philadelphia Phillies first baseman Scott Whyte for quick moves on the field, but he's getting equally well known for some off-the-field moves. On May 8, 1991, Scott was spotted by paparazzi in a San Diego bistro with a leggy woman whom he introduced as his "cousin." When the paparazzi phoned Scott's wife, Clea, she couldn't think offhand of any cousin who fit the description. Later, when going through family photo albums in the couple's bedroom with a member of the press, a distraught Clea admitted that she had

suspected this for a long time. A rangy, athletic woman with a splash of freckles across the bridge of her nose, she continued, "Maybe you're right, I should get even. Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

Barry Busky, "Slugger"?

Philly Phanatics who've seen diminutive shortstop Barry "Beans" Busky shrug off a muffed play or walk quietly away from a frustrating series of called strikes would probably think of him as a typically quiet guy. But this mild-mannered Clark Kent has a secret identity—and it's not Superman! His wife, Loretta, a hauntingly beautiful woman with the spirit of a schoolgirl, told one beat reporter, "I never would have seen it until you told me the warning signs, but he's a time bomb. He hasn't hit me yet or anything, but sometimes I see him looking at me. . . . He dropped his aftershave and there was glass everywhere. . . . It was bad but he blew it all out of proportion, the cursing. . . . I'm frightened to go home." Busky's barely controlled aggression is so out of control that when Loretta is afraid she's stayed out "past her bedtime," she has to call home and say she's staying at her sisters rather than face Beans's wrath.

Ricky Teller, "The Fan's Best Friend"

On the face of it, 1990 was a very good year for Phillies slugger Ricky Teller. Batting .306 (second on the team only to the phenomenal Lenny Dykstra) and leading the team in RBIs with 94, Teller was a welcome face at the plate for the crowds at Veterans' Stadium. One of only two Phillies in the All-Star Game, Teller is no hot dog, and spends many extra hours at the park helping other players with basics. But there is a dark side. The hero to thousands of strangers at home plate is becoming a stranger himself at home. Quizzed by a sympathetic journalist, Mrs. Teller at first denied anything was wrong. Later, though, Leeza (as her friends call her) confessed that between road trips, spring training, Ricky's highly successful summer baseball camp for the underprivileged, and golf with the guys (Ricky's a 5 handicap), there's very little left for her. You would think that satisfying a strapping redhead with a mind of her own and a wide beautiful face with something sad in it would be a husband's first priority. But apparently not to Ricky, "The Fan's Best Friend." "I get so damn lonely. I don't know anyone in Philadelphia; mostly I just watch the soaps and miss Casper, Wyoming—that's where I'm from," she told a local scribe. Later she added, "I don't even feel guilty. Sometimes I don't even feel like I'm married."

The Afternoon That Shamed All Baseball America's "national pastime" has weathered its fair share of scandals and dark days, from the "Black Sox" scandal to the "fall" of Pete Rose to Wade Boggs-gate. But nothing has shaken professional baseball to its very foundations like the savage brutality of Philadelphia Phillies first-base coach Dino Burns.



Phillies coach Dino Burns—a man who knows how to connect!

The incident occurred on July 14, on Burns's manicured front lawn in Cherry Hill, New Jersey. In full view of his shocked neighbors and his wife, Moira Burns (a brown-eyed child/woman with skin like milk), Burns leaped from a hiding place and savagely and inhumanly beat a defenseless reporter with what felt like an end table. Though the incident was hushed up, the unsightly bruise on the skull of baseball has yet to heal. ■

THE MOVIE THAT ANSWERS THE QUESTION,
WHO ARE THESE GUYS?



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Special!**

**Subscribe
to the National
Lampoon and
have a gallon
of lemonade
on us!**

SUMMERTIME is reading and drinking time, and what better combination to while away those lazy, hazy afternoons than the *National Lampoon* and a nice, frothy glass of lemonade? And now, for a limited time only, these two great American institutions are joining forces to make your summer a memorable and delectable one.

Here's how it works. Just clip the coupon below and send your check or money order for a subscription to the *National Lampoon*. In a few weeks, you'll get your first copy of America's Favorite Humor Magazine. Then go to the nearest supermarket or convenience store and purchase four (4) quarts of your favorite lemonade, be it Country Time or Minute Maid or Newman's Own Old Fashioned Roadside Virgin Lemonade—which, by the way,

features all natural ingredients. (Don't forget that all profits from Newman's Own go to charitable and educational organizations.) Next, go home and empty the four quarts of lemonade into a gallon-sized pitcher or jug. Add some ice cubes. Then grab the filled pitcher and the magazine and take them to your table on the back porch. (If you don't happen to have a back porch or a front porch, don't fret; this works just as well indoors at your kitchen table.) Simply put the magazine face-up on the table and then gently place the pitcher on top of the magazine. And voila! You've done it.

**The National Lampoon and your favorite lemonade—
your summers will never be the same.**

If the coupon that should be in the space below is torn out, send your money and all pertinent subscription information to: *National Lampoon*, Dept NL891, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013

YES, I want to take advantage of this one-time offer and save dollars on this subscription.

- ONE YEAR** of *National Lampoon* at \$13.95 (save \$15.55 over newsstand price).
- TWO YEARS** of *National Lampoon* at \$22.95 (save \$36.05 over newsstand price).
- THREE YEARS** of *National Lampoon* at \$34.95 (save \$53.55 over newsstand price).

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NL891

**If it were
any cheaper,
it would
cost less.**

Why Not Vacate to

ELYSIANSAS,

the Vacation State?



Welcome to Elysiansas from
Governor Mrs. Charles Raupp

We're back—with open arms for your vacation travel plans!

I know you haven't heard from us in a while, but that's because we've been so terribly busy—busy turning Elysiansas into the sort of place you'll want to vacation in!

I won't say it's been easy. 1983 was an especially difficult time—for Elysiansans, and for me personally. My husband, the dear late Governor Charles Raupp, departed, and I have to be honest with you: he left the state in an awful pickle. Unemployment was frightful, with jobs leaving the state faster than residents, and a recently insti-

tuted state lottery was somehow paying out more than it was taking in. But perhaps the low point came in July of that year, when a *USA Today* poll found that 83 percent of graduating high school seniors could not place Elysiansas on a map of the United States. Never mind that they also couldn't locate Idaho, Utah, and Vermont—it wasn't good.

I remember sitting in my husband's office (I still can't get used to the fact that I'm governor now) and thinking, "Charlie, you ran yourself into an early grave for this? If you were going to do such a terrible job, couldn't we have at least taken nice vacations like other governors do?"

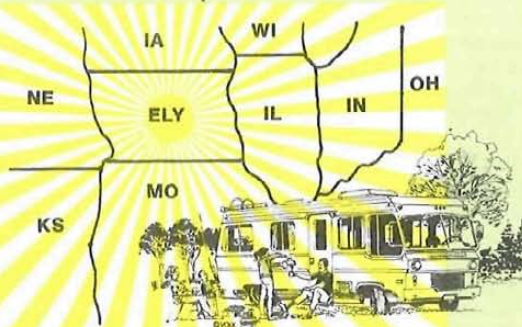
It's funny where your inspirations come from.

Following a fruitful six-week trade junket to the Far East, I immediately set to work remaking Elysiansas into the sort of state that might have saved my husband's life: a high-volume, low-overhead vacation paradise featuring a thriving service economy for the whole family. I wish Charlie was alive to see this, but I realize that if he was, it would have never happened and we'd probably be in deep, deep trouble instead a great place to bring the kids.

So why not vacate to Elysiansas? All that promotional jumbo gumbo aside, it really is a nice place to visit.

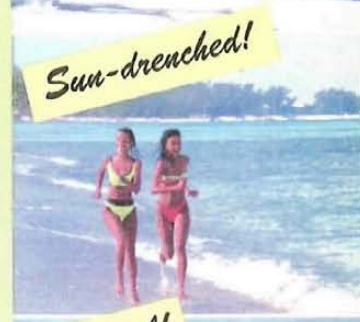
All Roads Lead to Elysiansas!

Located smack-dab in the middle of Middle America, the vacation state of Elysiansas is less than a three-day drive from any one of the continental United States. Just park your car at one of our 300 hospitality border crossings and leave the rest of your vacation driving to us! Elysiansas can also be reached by bus, train, riverboat, bicycle, and air! Or if you prefer, pickup service is also available within the immediate eight-state area (Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, and South Dakota).

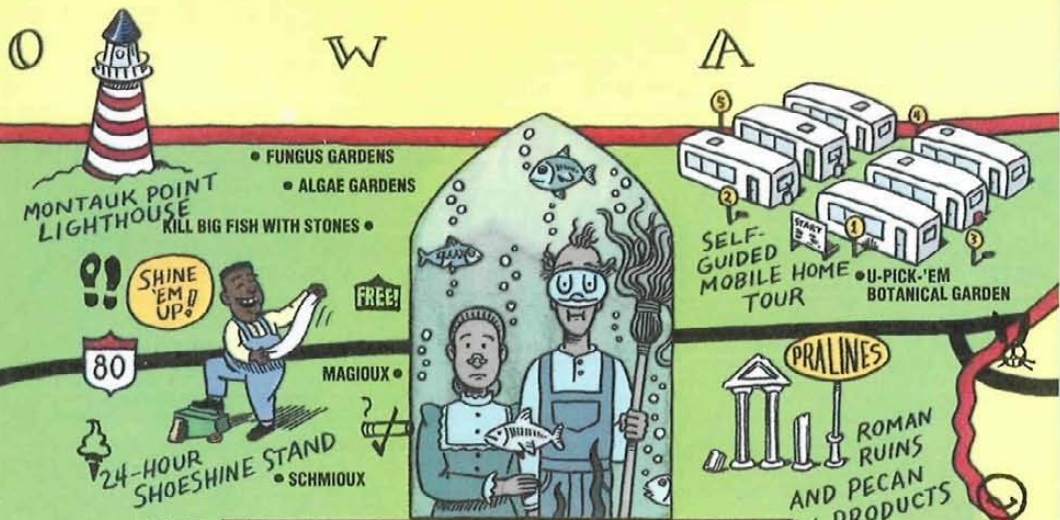


*To preserve its famous crystalline blue skies, Elysiansas has prohibited all flying machines from its air space (hot-air balloons and dirigibles excepted). However, free overnight shuttle service is available from O'Hare International Airport in Chicago.

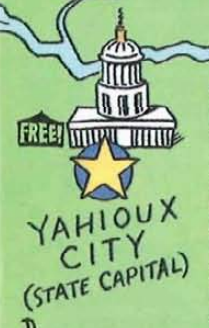
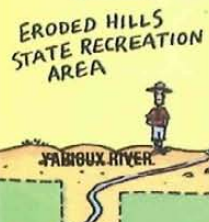
A World of Vacation Pleasure in One State



ALL PHOTOS TONY STONE WORLDWIDE/CHICAGO LTD.



SUNKEN VILLAGE
 Built on a dry lake bed in the late 1880s, Pitt Valley was a little-noticed, unremarkable municipality until the Blizzard of '77 buried it under forty-two feet of snow. A quick thaw, combined with torrential spring rains and a poorly designed sewer system, turned this sleepy burg into the natural wonder it is today: Sunken Village! Every hour on the half-hour, glass-bottom boat tours provide moving testimony to the great American spirit: you will be delighted to see with your own eyes that, despite the difficulties of being fully submerged, Pitt Valley continues to thrive as a community, working and playing and learning and loving. And you won't want to miss Pitt Valley's spectacular underwater fireworks display, every Thursday night from Memorial to Labor Day!



BED AND BREAKFAST
 The twin cities of Bed (formerly Snioux City) and Breakfast (formerly East Snioux City) are a paradise away from home for the laid-back vacation potato. Enjoy an overnight stay in one of Bed's more than forty motor inns and motels, and then take the free shuttle to Breakfast and choose from a smorgasboard of morning meal stops: Eggers, the Flapjack Shack, the Cereal Bowl, the Greasefree Griddle, and seven separate McDonald's franchises! Overslept? No problem: breakfast is served twenty-four hours a day!

• HOME OF LOUIS OAKES, FAMOUS FICTIONAL CHARACTER
 • JERRY BUFF'S UNIVERSITY OF SUCCESS



ASPHALT JUNGLE SAFARI
 Look out, he's got a gun! But don't worry, you're completely safe behind the two-inch-thick bulletproof glass of your Jungle Buggy Safari Cruiser! Some states would have just given up on a burnt-out urban disaster area like Missoupolis; but we've turned it into an important educational experience for the whole family! Here's a perfect opportunity for today's sheltered youth to see what life is really like in a hard-pressed urban center—and still get out of there alive!

“Howdy-Do!” Hospitality

Checkpoints:
 Elysiansas wants to make sure you're enjoying your vacation, so we've set up more than one hundred hospitality centers throughout the state (just look for the giant, smiling balloon). The coffee's on us, so why not stop in and tell us how it's going? And while you're there, pick up guidebooks, maps, souvenirs and enjoy a taste of Elysiansas's #1 product: friendliness!

FREE! 24-Hour Free Samples Tents:

Out of shampoo? Stop by one of Elysiansas's many free-sample tents, offering complimentary samples of various sundries, rug swatches, and, of course, snacks for the kids. (Many not yet available in stores!)

Take-A-Load-Off Zones:

Forget stiff stone benches and embarrassing peek-a-boo urinals. Elysiansas's rest areas are the world's comfiest, with big overstuffed chairs and doors on all the bathroom stalls. You may fall behind on your travel plans, but you won't care!

- Water Slides
- Putt-Putt Golf 'n' Putt
- Lo-Fat Frozen Custard Stands
- Roadside Salad Bars
- Fishin' Holes
- Smokin' Sections

W R I

ST. LOUIS

ELYSIANSANA

Fact and Fable

People: Elysiansans are some of the happiest, friendliest, and most helpful people you would ever want to meet, born sweet and bred for tolerance. More than 1.2 million strong as recently as 1970, they come from all walks of the service sector, from food preparers to overnight-lodging hosts to automobile-fuel engineers.

The best way to spot an Elysiansan? Just smile—an Elysiansan will smile right back!

Climate: Nice. But bring a sweater.

Principal Industry: To serve you.

State Motto: "Howdy!"

State Slogan: "A Nice Place to Visit..."

State Songs: "Elysians, My Vacation Home" (traditional); "Take It Easy" (pop-contemporary); "Relax" (dance mix).

State Flower: Fluvia.

State Bird: Flying squirrel.

State Drink: Apple Doody (hard cider and Mahoney Malt Liqueur).

State History: Elysiansans has long been considered a vacationer's paradise. The name derives from a Native American word meaning "a stopping place for resting," or "rest area" (although some experts believe the name is an Indian pun meaning "Land of Unnecessary Treasures"). For thousands of years, Elysiansans was a popular stopover point for Indian tribes traveling from one state to another.

Acquired in 1803 as part of the Louisiana Purchase, Elysiansans was originally to be adopted as the thirty-fifth state on April 12, 1861; however, President Abraham Lincoln was interrupted while signing the statehood declaration, and in the resulting confusion of the Civil War, the adoption papers were lost (the partially signed document is now on display at the Yahioux City Historical Society). The snafu was not caught until October 23, 1900, when President William McKinley inadvertently found himself campaigning in the Elysiansans Territory and immediately declared it a state with seven electoral votes (although the move did help him get elected, he was later assassinated). Consequently, Elysiansans considers itself both the thirty-fifth and the forty-sixth state.

Famous Elysiansans: Businessman Jack Mahoney (Mahoney Malt Products); actor Peter Deuel (*Alias Smith and Jones, Love on a Rooftop*); realtor Cheryl Zeken (Miss Elysiansans 1984-86); entrepreneur Jerry Buff (Jerry Buff's University of Success); Bob Barker (honorary); actor Roger Davis (*Alias Smith and Jones*); and famous fictional character Louis Oakes (featured in the musical drama *Elysiansans!*).

Common Q's A'd

Do you accept U.S. currency? While Elysiansans is a U.S. state, your money is no good here, so leave it at home! Upon entering the state, you or your family will be issued your own personal VACARD™, which can be used at any of Elysiansans's restaurants, motels, attractions, or gift shops. Your purchases will be automatically deducted from your bank account, or if you prefer, charged to a major credit card. But whatever you do, don't lose your VACARD™, or we might not let you leave! (Just kidding, but you will be charged the maximum amount allowable on lost cards.)

Is tipping allowed? Don't give it another thought: an 18 percent state service tax will be added to all your purchases.

Can I bring my gun? Property crime in Elysiansans has virtually disappeared since implementation of the VACARD™ system, but feel free to carry a weapon if it will make your vacation more enjoyable. The National Rifle Association has set up several roadside Gun Education and Ammo Depots throughout the state.

If you have any other questions, feel free to call our governor, Mrs. Charles Raupp, directly. She can be reached during normal business hours at 1-909-537-6800, ext. 18, or at home, 1-909-398-4933.



Don't Leave Your Memories to Chance!

Why ruin the last few days of your vacation in a mad rush to accumulate appropriate souvenirs from your trip—when you can pre-buy your travel keepsakes and then not have to worry about it?

Just dial 1-900-MEMORYS™ to hear selections from our audio catalog, and then order the souvenirs you would like to remember

your vacation by—by phone! We'll have them waiting for you when you arrive. Or, if you can't make it to Elysiansans this year, we can Federal Express you your souvenirs for a slight additional charge. It won't be as much fun as actually having been there, but you're the only one who needs to know!
*\$8.95/min.

Don't forget to bring your camera!



BUS TRIP GAMES



ILLUSTRATED BY ROSS MACDONALD

Every bus trip game involves the risk of getting thrown off the bus. Every bus trip game involves risking a fight, and sometimes it risks the well-being of others. In each bus trip game, you are always stretching a convention, a social frame, to an extreme. You are an asshole.

STOPPING THE BUS: NIGHT

Make sure you take along at least a handful of cashews.

Sit in the middle of the bus. Between two distant stops, stand up and exclaim: "Hey! Stop throwing that stuff!"

Keep this up until the driver asks what the trouble is.

Claim that someone is throwing nuts at you. Eventually, the driver will get on the P.A. and threaten to stop the bus and expel the nut throwing the nuts.

Now be patient. Wait. Let the commotion die down.

When you think the time is right, throw some cashews while clutching your head and yell: "Jesus! They hit me again!"

"What the hell is going on!" the driver will exclaim, or something like it. At this point, the driver will usually pull over and turn up the cabin console lights.

Just sit back and enjoy the angry lecture.

STOPPING THE BUS: DAY

"There's a dead woman back there!"

Or if that doesn't work:

EMERGENCY EXIT. LIFT THIS

BAR, PUSH WINDOW OPEN.

Claim to have misunderstood the directions. You thought you had to push open the window to reveal a compartment where the emergency-exit instructions were kept. You wanted to read about the emergency exit. Always act confused.

"Didn't mean to push the window out on the road. Sure glad nobody was behind us."

The more confused you act, the better your chances of not being thrown off the bus.

SINGLE-PERSON INTIMIDATION GAMES

1. Claim to have a bomb.
2. Shine pocket flashlights at people.
3. Barricade seats with clothing and carry-on baggage. Stand up every five minutes to check the overhead compartment. Constantly adjust and readjust your seat.
4. Play with zippers.
5. Fidget creatively.
6. Staring games. Stare into the driver's rearview mirror whether or not he acknowledges you. Stare at strangers until they stare back; prod them into staring contests. The trick is to stare at the passenger's forehead to avoid averting your gaze. Sit up front and turn around to face the rows of captive faces. Remember: lip curling with crossed eyes is better than blowing kisses.

GROUP INTIMIDATION GAMES

1. The Odd Fellows Routine. Get your

group of friends to cough in tandem. Fold and unfold maps and railway schedules while muttering the names of obscure towns.

2. The Hidden Electrician. While your friend sitting in front blocks the driver's view—say by constantly checking the overhead compartment—you disassemble the overhead light. Use the live wires to power novelty items or shock strangers.

3. Cabin Soccer.

4. Aisle Bingo. Start a loud board game. If night, use flashlights. Refuse to stop the game for anything.

WHEN YOU'RE MORE COMMITTED TO BUS TRIP GAMES THAN STAYING ON THE BUS

1. Scare the Driver. Execute a ninja crawl up the aisle. Creep up to the driver. Then suddenly jump up and slap your hands on the driver's shoulders.
2. FEDERAL LAW PROHIBITS OPERATION OF THIS BUS WHILE ANYONE IS STANDING FORWARD OF THE WHITE LINE. Check this.
3. Pastel Self-Portraits on Windows. At night, use your own reflection to sketch an outline.
4. DO NOT THROW TOWELS IN CHEMICAL TOILET. Put in overcoats. Prosthetics. Large pieces of meat. A novelty skull with glowing eyes is the best.
5. Commuter Barnacle. With both hands, firmly grab the head of the person sitting in front of you. Do not let go unless pried off. ■

by Eric Yost

HAVE WAR WILL TRAVEL

Don't Bother with the Local Girls

SUNDAY, JULY 14TH, MILDENDO, LILLIPUT

Rangoon is the Philadelphia of Southeast Asia, it's that boring. But Rangoon, Burma, is where you have to fly from to get to Lilliput, if that's your idea of fun, or your job, or both. In my window seat, staring at the tree line on the runway's edge, I imagine Marxist maniacs waving AK-47s and screaming impotently at the out-of-range plane, like they thought that would do any good. "Sorry, Pathet Rice-Face, this kittycat runs on petroleum, not dogma," I would yell at them if they did that.

Lilliput is not a place many Westerners go to by choice. Lilliput is a place most people avoid like Mexican tap water, or would if Mexicans had taps.

On the only civilian flight from Rangoon, on a chartered middle-aged DC-9, the stewardess is fat. She's so fat, so unbelievably fat, that if you said she wasn't fat, either 1) you'd be lying just to be nice, 2) you'd be wrong or 3) you'd be talking about someone else, because, really, she is fat. Just for a laugh, I ask Fatty-fatty-two-by-four to recommend a drink. Her reply is a slack-jawed fat-faced look, like she can't even appreciate that I'm having her on, and then she says, "For you, I'd say diet soda or near-beer — that's what most of the Amway guys drink."

Which just illustrates the kind of backwoods greaseback blobs that work a Lilliput charter. No one has thought to load any good magazines on the flight, and my air knob couldn't swivel if it wanted to. That's the kind of jerkwater among nations that Lilliput is, and the kind of crab crawl you have to go through to get there.

SO HERE WE ARE AGAIN. WE HAVEN'T even gotten the appetizer that goes with our New World Order when another third-string tin-pot potentate starts kicking sand in the faces that represent the faces that represent the faces that represent Uncle Sam, who represents you and me.

And here I am again. Sometimes I curse the fact that the line I've chosen,

war correspondent, is such a growth biz. All the suffering, and the remakes of suffering, and the summer reruns of suffering as one cabal of wackos after another makes trouble in one of the wet spots on the bottom of the world, until Sammy has to step in again and give baby a spanking for truth, justice et cetera.

Always ready to go in with all flags flying, I figure what the hell and order a drink on the flight. Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke. By the time we arrive at the new Army Corps of Engineers' airstrip near Mildendo, my vision is swimming. I should have eaten something, because you know how it is when you drink on planes; you get shitfaced faster than you normally would. If I had eaten, I wouldn't have been drunk, because I can really hold it, unlike a certain other Mick Democratic Party Monster who not only can't drink, he can't drive, although he sure can swim.

Stepping out onto Lilliputian soil for the first time, I have to suppress a tremendous urge to piss.

LILLIPUT IS AN ISLAND ABOUT 5000 *blustrugs* (twelve miles in real life) in circumference, with about 40,000 trained and ready United States Marines predeployed on it, their equipment and vehicles palletted and ready to load on about 5000 C-130 Hercules cargo planes. Accidental injuries are unavoidable in an operation of this magnitude on a scuzzy little island this small, and are running at about 200 a day. Front-line grunts tell me they have taken to calling these losses "casualties."

Almost to a man there is something odd about the Lilliputians themselves, something indescribable, foreign — but more than that, odd. You would not mistake them for Americans, even without their archaic dress, and it's impossible to say why.

Lilliput has no building or installation large enough to have any military significance. In fact their buildings look like toys. So why are we here?

Because we have a message to send and we'll send it anywhere, like Western Union, which delivers everywhere. We're the biggest meanest best greatest thing there ever was, baby you'd better

BY P. J. O' DRUNKE

believe it — the Grenadians found out, the Panamanians found out, the Iraqis found out: Don't mess around with us, in fact don't mess around at all, 'cause you never know what counts as messing around with us. We're the sleeping giant, slow to anger, and we'll go anywhere, no matter how piddly, at the drop of a hat to prove it.

The civil war here is the typical fratricidal battle between people with actual jobs and their deadbeat have-not brothers-in-law. The kind of thing some of us would just have rather sat out, thank you, were it not for Blefuscu, Lilliput's neighbor about 800 yards to the northeast. Like most foreigners, the two countries have an old, old beef with each other, and Blefuscu may use the civil war as an excuse to invade. They say they won't, but Blefuscuans, it is said, lie like politicians, which is to say, a lot.

There is nowhere to take a leak in Lilliput, at least nowhere between the airstrip and the hotel, nowhere a normal person could take a slash, anyhow. The average Lilliputian toilet is so poorly designed I couldn't hit it sober.

Lilliputian coinage, for some reason, is minuscule, making it hard for me to call the home office. The operator's voice is fat and girlish, and the brain-damaged butterball doesn't even have the IQ head candlepower to recognize who I am. She's about as quick as the

reasons, even Lilliputian bars are cramped, surprisingly cramped even to an experienced journalist. Lilliputian drinks are cheap and portions are small; likewise finger food is available only in the most niggardly amounts. I can't help but wonder how these people survive, eating and drinking so little. The stools in the bar are so weeny that even if you're not a big fat girl, they worm their way right up the crack of your ass.

But no sooner do I sit down than some turd of a man starts up with me, oily-brown and bleating in this tinny squall Lilliputians use to communicate. I look to the bartender, who claims to speaka inglés, and he sputters out something like, "He say you are sit on his wife." I bust a gut and slam my hand down really hard on the bar, which is so flimsy it shakes like a flimsy piece of wood when you hit it really hard, and the pesty local and bartender make like frightened mice out the door. God help us, we're on their side.

The lone Westerner at the bar is a cameraman from Australian television, who it turns out fancies himself quite the old Lilliput hand, and he starts to lecture me on the roots of the civil unrest.

"Don't tell me this, you cretin, can't you see I'm an American? We could care less about some intramural Third World catfight than we care about

lizard, I find the first bright spot in my entire visit to this dinky sinkhole — a beautiful, ornate marble *pissoir*. With its stony medieval facade and spiraling plumbing and gargyle fixtures, it looks like the sort of pot that Donald Trump might piss in at that castle of his, if he still owns it by the time you read this. I grab hold of the towering handrails and begin relieving myself at length (those Amstel Lights sure went through me, especially with the jet lag and change in time zones, and all the sun I've gotten), but Lilliput is the kind of place you can't even whiz in peace. No sooner am I in full stream than I am set upon by squealing Lilliputians, wailing en masse like I'd just pissed on the royal family or something. Then I notice they're all armed with what look to be burning matches and shrimp forks, and decide this isn't my idea of a cocktail party. They are, of course, too chickenshit to give chase.

Under my bed in my puny hotel room, I consider the Lilliputians. The Lilliputians are pesky twerps who seem to be always underfoot, and their language a series of gulps and shrieks, like the Swiss. They are a riddle inside a mystery inside a puzzle, but there is something otherly about them that the trained eye picks up, that is impossible to label.

THE NEXT DAY THE LOCAL COMMANDER asks if I want to go to the front. I beg off. The front in most wars looks the same, a big mess, the kind Oscar Madison of *The Odd Couple* would make. No, the story in any war is the people — not Americans, so not exactly human, but still people — and what makes them tick.

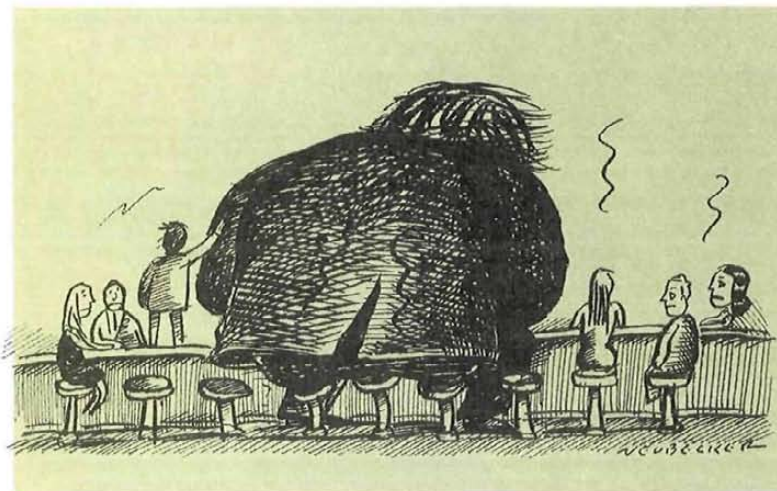
And what makes the Lilliputians tick is that they are, to a man and his fatty wife, rude and self-centered, and everything's so crowded and the gift shops are a big ripoff and don't even ask me about the hotel, God.

Not only that, but gut-wrenching danger lurks everywhere, I think.

On the road back to the airstrip, my car passes a Lilliputian woman, young and only potentially fat, just the slightest bit of gross fat coming tragically on, in sad inevitable mounds around her upper torso.

One leaves Lilliput, no matter how trained an observer, no matter how long one spends, without cracking the nut of the mystery. From a window seat of my hulking 707 the Lilliputians and their city look like toy houses and scurrying bugs. I peer down at them, trying to get one final fix on these strange people, but they are too indescribably odd.

Soon we take off and are flying north over the inland sea into a new dawn of blinding sunniness. ■



dim receptionist twat Carol Burnett used to play. Eventually, I am put through to my editor.

"What have you found out?"

"These people are impenetrable."

"Good. Same as Wales, then? You see that as your hook?"

"There's something indescribably odd about them."

"There's our man. Call later, you nut."

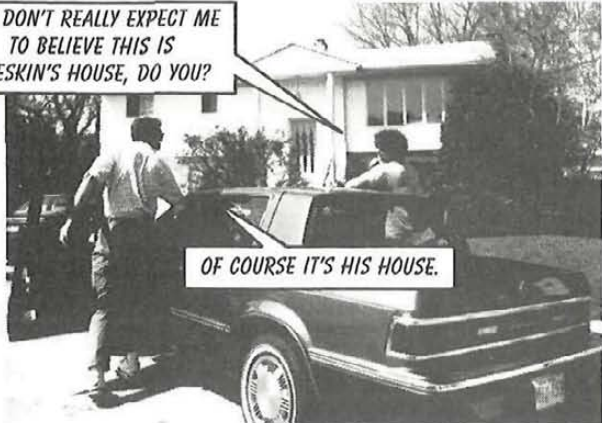
STILL NEEDING TO FIND A REST ROOM, I go to the hotel bar. For obscure

Crocodile Dundee III. We hear war and rumors of war and we disregard them like we disregard news about a new McLean Stevenson show, because he's not funny and we don't give a damn, you Antipodean marsupial-loving outbacker," I think about shouting at him.

Finally I must piss. Though we have imposed martial law on the locals until we secure their liberty, Americans are allowed to roam freely. Roaming freely to look for a place to drain the old

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL CHAN

YOU DON'T REALLY EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THIS IS KRESKIN'S HOUSE, DO YOU?



OF COURSE IT'S HIS HOUSE.

...I'M JUST WORRIED WE MIGHT BE UNDERDRESSED. HE'S ALWAYS IN A TUX, AND WE LOOK LIKE A COUPLE OF BUMS. YOU COULD HAVE AT LEAST PUT ON A CLEAN T-SHIRT.



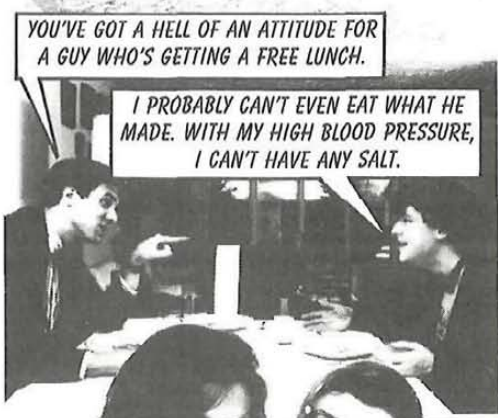
EAT ME.



HI, GUYS, HOPE THE TRAFFIC WASN'T TOO BAD. I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE WORRIED ABOUT YOUR CLOTHES, SO I GOT THESE FOR YOU. TRY 'EM ON FOR SIZE, I'VE GOT TO RUN TO THE KITCHEN.



SO YOU SET THE WHOLE THING UP, BIG DEAL. I'M NOT FOOLED.



YOU'VE GOT A HELL OF AN ATTITUDE FOR A GUY WHO'S GETTING A FREE LUNCH.

I PROBABLY CAN'T EVEN EAT WHAT HE MADE. WITH MY HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE, I CAN'T HAVE ANY SALT.



DIG IN, GUYS. AND DON'T WORRY, I USED ALL LOW-SODIUM INGREDIENTS!



WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT? A LOT OF PEOPLE COOK LOW-SALT FOOD. THAT DOESN'T PROVE ANYTHING.



GUYS, THIS IS MY DAUGHTER KRISSIE.

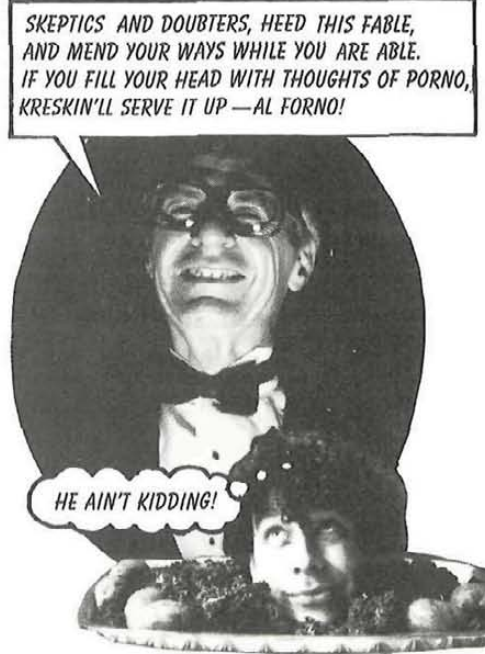
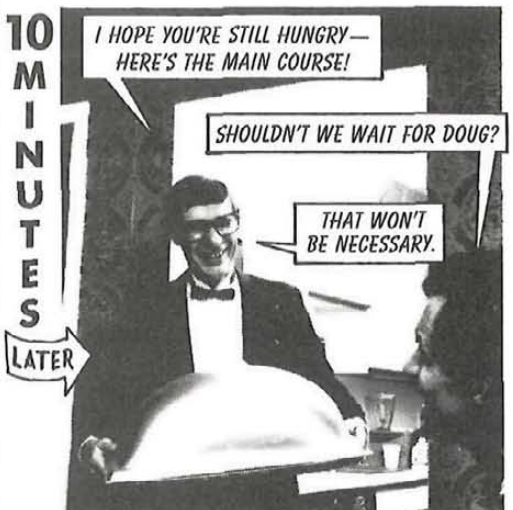
NICE TO MEET YOU.

PANT! PANT!



HOW WAS AEROBICS?

GREAT. I'M JUST GONNA CHANGE, I'LL BE DOWN IN A SECOND.

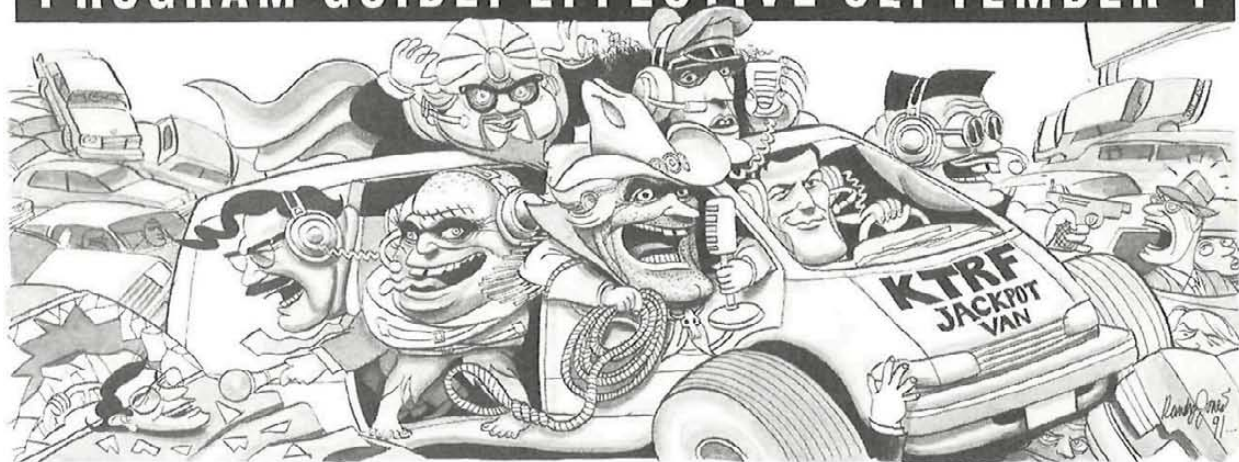


IAN: IAN DOUG: DOUG KRESKIN: KRESKIN KRISSE: AHNNA RASCH, FLAUNT MODELS

KTRF 1060AM CORONA-NORCO, CA

"All Traffic...All the Time"

PROGRAM GUIDE: EFFECTIVE SEPTEMBER 1



ILLUSTRATED BY RANDY JONES

4 A.M. - 9 A.M.: THE KTRF TRAFFIC JAM-BOREE

It's highway ribbery when personality Rick Woon turns the world's longest drive-time into Southern California's most talked about slow-and-go hoedown!

Get the complete and up-to-the-minute L.A. Basin traffic picture, with national traffic reports on the hour from correspondents throughout the U.S., and flashbacks to great moments in traffic history.

Every morning our audience car-phones in to choose the rudest driver on the road. After we broadcast the trouble-maker's make, model, and license plate, the tables get turned and it's ten thousand against one. Play along, and see why we call our game "That'll Fix Him!"

Whoa! What's that weaving, screeching Day-Glo hulk in your rearview mirror? Why, it's the KTRF Jackpot Van! Look out for the other guy, Jackpot Van pilot Psycho Steve Ryder: he's a real leather-lunged road hog—like Willard Scott with a lead foot! Maybe you'll be the lucky listener who gets victimized by Psycho's daily jackpot drive-by shooting! Only KTRF listeners know it's just Psycho's magnetic dart gun! Boing-Clank, ya got me! And who knows when Psycho might start another rousing game of Bumper Tag? Better tap the guy ahead of you or you'll be "it"!

9 A.M. - Noon: THE JAMES BOND HOUR

Sixty minutes of snazzy, debonair driving music taken from 007's soundtrack albums allow you to transcend lunch-hour traffic congestion. Poof! The gray-brown sky becomes the sunny Caribbean, and West Covina is exciting Monte Carlo.

1 P.M. - 3 P.M.: CITIZENS' APB

Help local police chase real criminals and improve your self-esteem! Conven-

MONDAY - FRIDAY

ience-store robbery? Semis transporting illegal aliens? You get the scene of the crime and a description of the getaway car just as soon as we get them from police radio. Put the pedal to the metal and get set for thrills when Ham Wilson, KTRF staff criminologist, roars his familiar "Whaddaya waitin' for, Riverside County? They're gettin' a-waayyyyy!"

3 P.M. - 9 P.M.: HOME, JAMES

KTRF's own certifiable nutcase, Jimmy James, welcomes you to his Interstate Asylum, easing you through the evening rush with all the traffic and a crazy array of features.

All rise for KTRF's nightly Phone-in People's Traffic Court, starring retired municipal judge. His ex-Honor William A. Ellis. But be careful, fender benders, our testy assessor's arbitrary arbitrations are binding!

Want the lowdown on Hollywood's high-riders? In SoCal, anyone passing you in a new tinted-window Mercedes might be a famous movie star—or just another no-money-down real estate millionaire. Tune into Bunkie Plunkett's Hollywood Parking Lot each weekday to know who's driving what and where—and with whom! If Don and Melanie get new vanity plates, if Michael Jackson's getting more bodywork done, Bunkie's got the story first. Check your defroster before listening—he's guaranteed to steam your windshield.

9 P.M. - 11 P.M.: TOMORROW'S TRAFFIC TONIGHT

Get a head start as John Barbosa, our chief trafficologist, sums up all the day's highlights, including a review of major accidents, and presents a preview of coming obstructions.

11 P.M. - 2 A.M. (M, W, F): LICENSE-PLATE DATING

Like to meet that certain someone, but can't get them to roll down their window? Call us with their license-plate number, and if you'll answer embarrassing questions about your sexual proclivities, we'll hook you up via our DMV Komputer Konnection and supply a cellular phone number, address, vital statistics, even whether or not they require corrective lenses. The rest is up to you.

11 P.M. - 2 A.M. (T, Th): ALL-CB NOSTALGIA SHOW

Turn back the clock for the few hours each week when the "highways are clear as yesteryear." Look who's driving: C.C. "Monkey Man" McFadden, KTRF's Proust of the Roost, rekindling memories of those Citizens Band seventies. A big "10-4": the ole gearjammer will transport you "back to the past" as he serves up heaping helpings of his own brand of superslab patter. Amen, brother, this is what driving is all about.

2 A.M. - 4 A.M.: DRIVING UNDER MY INFLUENCE, starring the Great Pandini

Put the phenomenon of highway hypnosis to work for you by obeying Pandini, KTRF's highway hypnotist. Listen as Pandini commands you to stare into the taillights ahead of you. Relax in the soft comfort of your seat. Now... you are under Pandini's helpful spell. Quit smoking, lose weight, or become a better salesman as Pandini leads you into a deep trance, then imparts suggestions that will enhance your self-image. Thursday is still "Listen at Your Own Risk" night, when Pandini pulls out all the stops: will he command you to roll down your window and howl like a coyote? Play "Shave and a Haircut" on your car horn over and over? Don't worry, you won't remember a thing.



MEL PETERSON, STEWARD OF VASSAL
RESOURCES, WELCYMES YE TO



Renaissance Faire '91

Or: Howe the Season of Summer Shall Be Made Profytable for All



REETINGS, staff, hither and yon, I speak to thee of another great tyme of merrymement. Verrily, last year wast our best yet—might this one be evyn better? Hark, now, and knowest thou haft been chosen from amongst the multitude of auditioners to serve. To thee

I dyrect this guide. Marketh welle my words as I charge thee wyth this task: to upholdeth the banner of living historye, to maketh the vacationner jolly. Let this stand, I fweare upon my sword, that wyth thys undertaking shall we delight the masses wyth fyne service, pleasant frivolities in our mannere, and toothsome vyttles. Forsooth, herein beginneth the rules and regulations of faid enterpryse. I wysh thee welle.

Our Philosofer

Or: So Excellente a Thing It Is to
Serve the Publick



AR and wyde they come, weary from their pilgrimage, yea, they deserveth the kindest of manners. Thus, it is of the essence that thou speaketh wyth the sweetest of tongues. Heed each colour-coded ticket stubbe and treateth each according to his station—violet denotest noble (\$22.50), green marketh cleric (\$17.50), brown indicateth serf (\$7.50 plus two proofes of purchase of Cocoa Puffes). Wythout faile, treat alle wyth due courtesye, excepting pennye-pinching serfs, whom you mayst ignore or not, as is your wont. Addresseth those of fair sexxe as "m'lady." Male guests thou shalt herald "good fir."

I beseech thee, holdest fast to thy rolle. Removeth not thy hennin in publick—if thou doft enter through a lowe doorway, ducketh! Knights maye lifte visor of helmet if requested by photographers. 'Tis fitting that fooles tease guests—but 'tis folly to insult them. Robin Hood and Followers: it behooveth thee to fteale from the riche (violet stubbes), but undue violence is beste left to ruffians and ffoundrels.

Code of Emloye Conduct

Or: The Virtuouse Manner Maketh the Leastest Hassle

1. Keepeth the grassy knoll pastoral—discardeth filth in proper dung heap. Note to fair maidens: please flusheth not fanitary napkinnes—this causeth the moat to overflowe.
2. Alas! We are not responsible for injuries acquired during jousting; for a small fee additional insurance is available. No jousting à l'outrance, solely à plaisir. Maketh merry—not fatality! If thou hast a disagreement wyth one's fellowe knight, wilt not thou fettle it on thine own tyme?
3. Brokken lute strings are the responsibility of troubadours.
4. Harlots, please punch debauchery carde before dallying.
5. Intoxicants are forbydden. All draggyn operators must taketh a Breathalyzer test before they beginneth their shift. By right, any alchemist found manifesting illegal substances is subject to trial by fyre.
6. Gratuities accepted in the banquet halle must be pooled and shared wyth busboys and dwarfes.
7. Lepers with running sores must wash hands after relieving themselves in the trenches.
8. Returning Crusaders and Knights Templars, please punch in before reentering the realm.
9. No gamboling on the castle battlements.
10. Beggars must leaveth a deposit on alle stumps and false limbs. Thys is due to the many unreturned stumps last season!
11. Teaseth not the unicorn. Yea, this includes jesters and fooles!
12. All royals and members of court (knights, damsels, vifcounts, marquises, etc.) may taketh their meals in the banquet halle. All others dineth buffet-STYLE at the large cauldron. Prisoners and hermits, a boxed lunch wille be provided.
13. Flagellants, be not foolhardy—do not share whips. 'Tis likely to lead to pestilence.
14. Gay is he who is wont to purchase. By hooke or by crooke, guideth our guests toward our fyne eating, drinking, and shopping establyshments.

ILLUSTRATED BY JILL KARLA SCHWARZ

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Costumes and Their Care

Or: The Fynest of Frocks Maketh Their Wearer King

1. All wenches must wear undergarments.
2. Kinde sirs, codpieces are prestuffed—additional padding will be considered an act of lewdness and render thee subject to the jester's ridicule.
3. Costumes are dry-cleane only. Exception: knight's armor (buff jubilantly with Brillo).
4. If your finery becometh sangliant, be not full of woe—soake immediately in a combynation of bakking foda and feltzer.
5. If you must throwe down the gauntlet, be surre to retrieve it—we do not have an unlimited supply.
6. Ladyes, if thou loseth the key to your chafity belte, a fee of \$2.50 will be charged for a duplicate.

Emergency Procedures

Or: Evyl Foretold Begats Prudence Justly

1. Should fyre or other emergency befall the realm, remain chivalrous. Stay in your fiefdom and await instructions. We are not liable for discomfiture incurred due to flood, earthquake, plague, or other acts of God. Should such horrors occur, encourage clerics (green frubbes) to retreat immediately to the cloister and renounce alle worldly goods.
2. Wenne beset with inclement weather, roving jugglers, acrobats, and contortionists reporteth to the banquet halle and maketh merry. Lunatics must remain outdoors during tempests and thunderstorms.
3. If serfs (brown frubbes) become unruly, call upon security at once. A grappling hooke wilt be dispatched. Thou might pummel serfs whilst waiting, without fear of censure.
4. Should a guest become overpowered by the sight of carnage or becyme feint in areas of undue ftench, elevate the feete and applye a poultice of garlick. Band-Aids and leeches are available at the soothsayers' tent.

Disciplinary Action

Or: Woe to He Who Doth Crosseth the Lynce



HEED this warning—one who doth knowingly flout the rules of the kingdomme will be dealt with severly. He who is guilty of heresy shall be sentenced to the dungeon and wille be flailed. Or, if preferest, be dokketh paye and thenceforth must departe the realm forever.

Merry Men who refuseth to handeth over their take to the poore may be broughteth up on charges. Unseemly acts and wikked abominations (ravishing nuns, excessive pillaging, lateness) calle for fasting and penance (hairshirts are available at the wardrobe tent). Beheading is reserved for the moste awful crime of guild organizing. Indulgences may be purchased at the papal kiosk (cash only). Who so sayest that such punishment is unfair may requesteth a hearing before the court in writing (Form WZ-198-X).

Last Wyrds

The drawbridge is raised at 8:30 P.M. Be prompt, lest thou be stranded overnight. For a complete schedule of shuttle buses, please consulte unto the Book of Hours. Be strong of hearte and have a wondrous employment!

Please signeth the oath of fealty belowwe.

I, _____ (thy name write herein), do hereby fwear eternal allegiance to the worthy and valiant FAMILY AMUSEMENTS CORPORATION, and vow to uphold its good name wenne afoot or astride steed, through muck and mire, amongst rats and lice and fmelles moste putrid, amidst weather damp and cold or sunny and baked, from the sprightly days of spring through the frantic gaiety of the Labore Day Weekende, or unto death, moste welcyme should it come first.



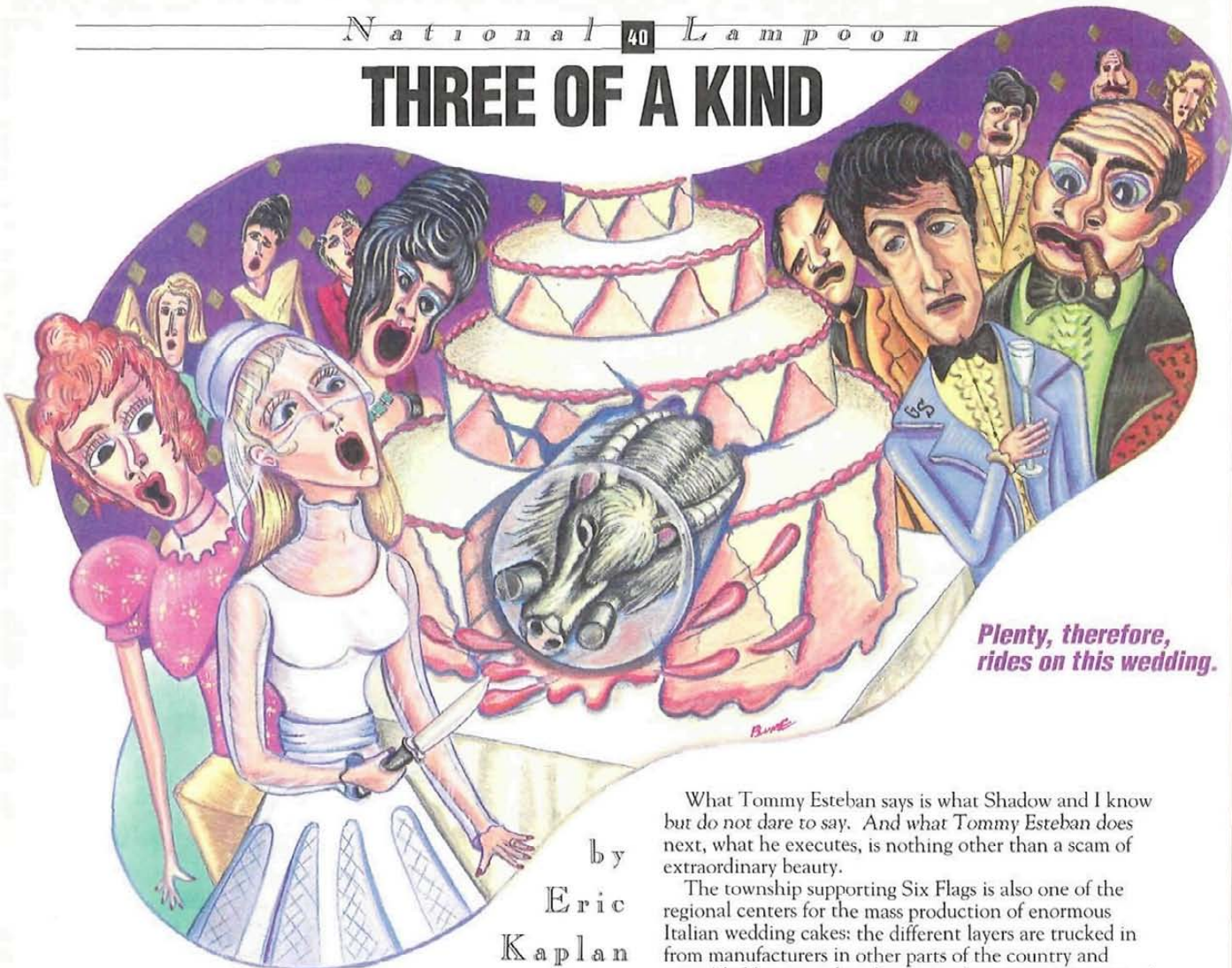
Goodes

1. Ye Pewter Unicorn Shoppe.
2. The Fleece Factorye.
3. Rapunzel's Wig Hutte.
4. Bathe and Bedchamber.
5. Merlin's Sorcery Shacke.
6. Breeches by Bob.
7. Motley by Mel.
8. House of Shackles.
9. The Tapestry Teepee.
10. Bunting 'n' Stuffe.

Food Halles and Drinking Holles

11. Pete's Pourridge.
12. Tristam N Iseult N Brewe.
13. The Stewe Shacke.
14. Mutton Mania.
15. Avocado-on-Avon.
16. Casa Pottage.
17. Reggio's Rounde Table.
18. Turnip-O-Mat.
19. BoarBurger.
20. Le Curd.
21. Mead Expresse.
22. Ale Alley.
23. The Checkered Chalice.
24. The ExcaliBar.

THREE OF A KIND



*Plenty, therefore,
rides on this wedding.*

by
Eric
Kaplan

YEAH, we're three of a kind, all right—me, Tommy Esteban, and Shadow. I'm a kind of monkey; he's sort of I guess what you'd have to call a yak, Tommy is; and Shadow's a ferret, and we're in bottles of preserving fluid in the Six Flags Amusement Park of Natural History. Three very different guys, but all in the same boat in this crazy world.

It's not like I'm complaining. But if you asked me, are there any problems with our position, the answer would be yes. Like anything, it has its downside. If you asked me, is our life a unique example of a bed of roses in the universe, I'd say no. I'd be kidding you if I told you it was.

Our fur is generally very matted. We can't see worth a dime with these glass marble eyes they give us—at least I know I can't. Worst of all I think is our total isolation. We don't know the simplest facts of the last twenty years, like when the Vietnamese surrendered or if the Beatles ever got back together.

But that's all trivial, Tommy Esteban, the half-grown yak, says to us one night when the crowds are gone.

"You know what our problem is, guys, it's that we don't have any love."

And that's reality for you. The kids who come crowding in to see us don't really love us; maybe one or two of the weirder ones might be infatuated, but even that's stretching it. And for the custodial staff, keeping our bottles free of dust...well, I'd have to say it's just a job.

What Tommy Esteban says is what Shadow and I know but do not dare to say. And what Tommy Esteban does next, what he executes, is nothing other than a scam of extraordinary beauty.

The township supporting Six Flags is also one of the regional centers for the mass production of enormous Italian wedding cakes: the different layers are trucked in from manufacturers in other parts of the country and assembled here to take advantage of zoning restrictions. A fairly profitable service then sends the completed product off to weddings selected from the marriage-announcement pages. By paying off the Dominican mafia that controls the messenger service, Tommy diverts one of the cakes to the exhibition hall on its way to the Carnesciccio family wedding, then causes himself to be inserted into the cake, bottle and all, at the very center. The display card from his case is stuck to the bottle—"Anatomical Specimen. Half-Grown Yak. Ladakh Range, 1952. A gift of the Mapleson Foundation Family Trust"—and underneath it Tommy himself has written, "Pls kindly return, Six Flags."

How come this particular wedding? Because in reading the gossip columns, Tommy had reached certainty it would be a no-come-off. So while Tommy is weaving through downtown traffic on the back of a messenger's scooter, I shall explain a little of the sad story of Sondra Carnesciccio.

Paulie Carnesciccio had been a small-time, unsuccessful mobster in the 1950s who had foreseen the end of any future for ethnic crime early on. He had diversified into honest real estate, making a mint. His daughter, Sondra, was beautiful. She had gone to a ritzy college and there fallen in love with Clafley Ciphor, scion of one of America's most top-quality Protestant families. Tragically, just as their romance was reaching consummation in matrimony, the media splashed the Carnesciccio family's syndicate ties all over the front pages. Clafley was soon thereafter quoted in the *New York Post* as saying, "Had I

known Sondra came from a background of such sordid illegality, I would not have asked her to be my wife." Sondra, in turn, told *Ladies' Home Journal* that the way in which Clafley made love to her was the same way he waxed his car, but involved even less rhythm. Furthermore, she said, she was now engaged in bonds of soon-to-be holy matrimony with Gawain K. Stallone, brother of the film star.

Plenty, therefore, rides on this wedding. There is the pride of Italian-American immigrants to be upheld. There is the Carnesiccio family pride to be repaired. Most important, there is the hurt pride of a very beautiful lady, Miss Sondra Carnesiccio. It is she who upon cutting the cake excavates the bottle, only to very suddenly find herself face to face with one dead, suave yak, Mr. Tommy Esteban.

If you're thinking Sondra is experiencing many emotions right now, such as anger and unhappiness, you are, of course, right on top of the money. But who was it who claimed that while the journey in a woman's heart from indifference to love takes forever, the highway leading from hate to love is not so long at all? The dead yak in the cake is not any old dead yak, but our very own Tommy Esteban, and he immediately gives her one of his patented yak-tooth smiles.

The music starts up, and just by exclaiming that she is beautiful, that there'll be hell and a scene if he doesn't get just one dance with her, Tommy gets a dance. Now he starts in with the whole aria and ballet about her being a bird who must fly free, how he can see the wildness of night in her eyes, etc., making implicit comparisons with the pedestrian charms of Gawain K. Whenever they spin by Gawain K., who is in the wall-fixing trade, Tommy whispers that he can still see spackle that Gawain has neglected to remove from his fingernails—and Sondra has to bite her pretty lip to keep from laughing. This undue

attention to another party causes a conference at Paulie Carnesiccio's table, where the members of the Stallone clan are expressing concern about the degree of respect being shown a member, even such a wimpified and torpid member such as is Gawain K. "Let's go," says Tommy to Sondra, and they slip off down the stairs.

He tells her, "I know that you"—CLUNK! CLUNK! CLUNK!, his bottle knocks against the steps as they rush down the stairs of the social hall—"don't really love that man. Do you?" He pauses. "Is there another man?"

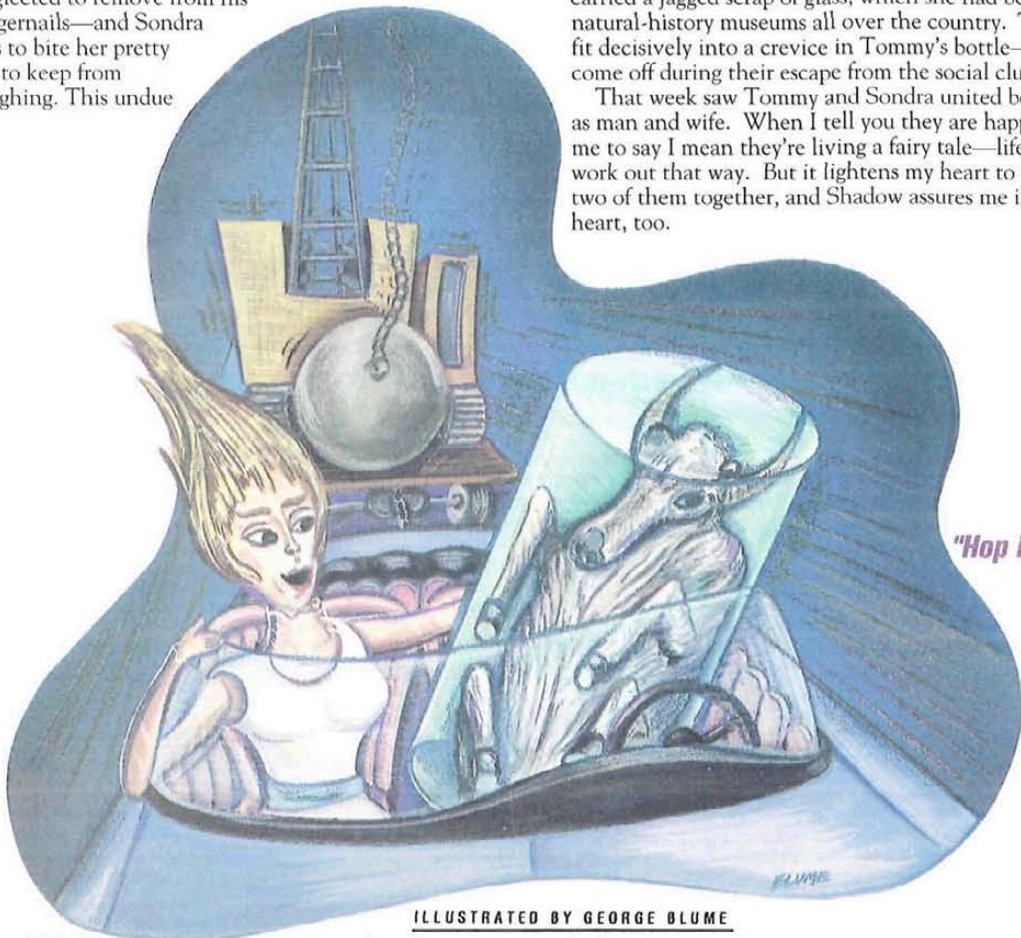
Her silence indicates the yes answer. "Sondra," says Tommy, "if you're angry at another man, there's ways to get back at him other than marrying a galoot like Gawain K."

"There are?" she says, and the two of them are out the door.

"Hop in!" he says and gestures at a vehicle that has been procured just ten minutes before by some of Esteban's friends with jumper cables. Soon the wrecking outfit is cruising down the interstate, with Tommy driving and the two-ton wrecking ball, along with Sondra's golden hair, swaying wildly in the wind. When they arrive at Clafley's mansion, Sondra demolishes it like a house of cards. Tommy can still imitate the sigh of total relief Sondra gave when she saw the Georgian architecture collapse into rubble. "A beautiful sigh of two years' unhappiness and humiliation gone," he has called it. Sondra made her getaway on a scooter, and when the police came to the scene and saw Tommy lying at the controls, they read his label and drove him back to Six Flags.

Tommy was imprecating fate for two straight weeks over where she was, but then one Thursday in April, a freshly divorced Sondra, née Carnesiccio, splendid in a strapless lavender dress, appeared at the Hall of Mammals. She carried a jagged scrap of glass, which she had been taking to natural-history museums all over the country. The chunk fit decisively into a crevice in Tommy's bottle—it had come off during their escape from the social club.

That week saw Tommy and Sondra united before society as man and wife. When I tell you they are happy, don't ask me to say I mean they're living a fairy tale—life doesn't work out that way. But it lightens my heart to think of the two of them together, and Shadow assures me it lightens his heart, too.




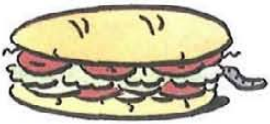


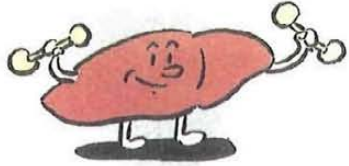
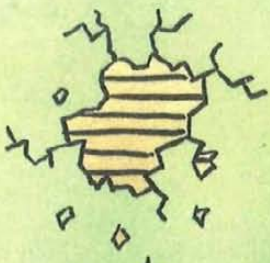
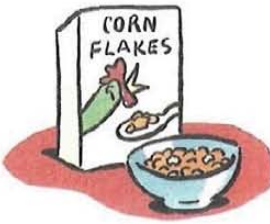


"Hop in!" he says.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE BLUME

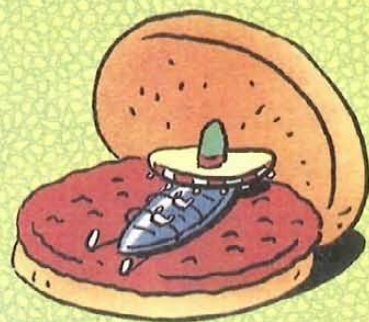
GET MORE
OUT OF
LIFE!
EAT OUT
OFTEN!

LOOK FOR THESE
Foreign Objects
AND LEARN



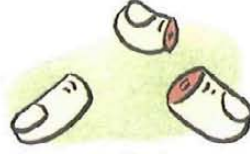
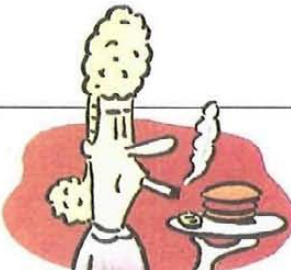


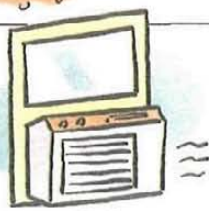





OBJECT	WHERE FOUND	CONTAINS
<p>Common Housefly</p> 	 <p>Soup, raisin bread.</p>	<p>Protein, vitamins C, D, & E. A good source of fiber, and in soup, a good source of jokes.</p>
<p>Rodent Hair</p> 	 <p>Pizza, hoagies, subs.</p>	<p>All the B vitamins. May prevent cataracts and colon cancer.</p>
<p>Kinky Hair (Human Origin)</p> 	 <p>Ethnic foods (curries, enchiladas, stuffed derma).</p>	<p>Vitamins A & K. Vital for proper liver function.</p> 
 <p>Paint Flakes</p>	 <p>Various.</p>	<p>An important source of latex and lead, necessary for cell growth and repair.</p>

CH ON THE NATIONAL LAMPOON

ts IN YOUR FOOD




THEIR NUTRITIONAL VALUE

OBJECT	WHERE FOUND	CONTAINS
 <p>Sneeze Fluid</p>	<p>Foods containing pepper: steak au poivre, pepperoni, etc.</p> 	<p>Water, vital to all life. AIDS virus.</p>
 <p>Severed Fingers</p>	<p>In foods that have been chopped.</p> 	<p>Protein, calcium. Important in prevention of scrofula. Nails provide roughage.</p>
 <p>Ashes</p>	 <p>Near waitresses.</p>	<p>Carbon. Minimum daily requirement not established for human diet.</p>
 <p>Air Conditioners</p>	<p>Outdoor cafés.</p> 	<p>Contain wiring, necessary for strong teeth and gums.</p> 
 <p>Meteorites</p>	<p>Everywhere.</p> 	<p>Good source of radium, uranium. Aids body's ability to glow in dark.</p> 

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL MARDEN

ROAD TRIP

TRAVELING WITH THE  OF JERRY'S CORNERS, NY

TO GLORY

by Beryl Sweeney

For three years I have chronicled the activities of the Idiot Teens, a group of youngsters who I believe offer unique opportunities for the historian of contemporary culture. Despite my many researches, I was (and remain) curious about several aspects of this group. How the group functioned outside of Jerry's Corners, the upstate New York community with which the teens are inextricably linked, was certainly chief among my questions.

Here follows an oral history of the great Idiot Teen Road Trip of June 1991.

PETE: Looking back on it, Beryl, Canada seemed a natural. As you well know, summertime is a traditional time of travel, adventure, and experimentation. Traditionally, it is also a time of explosives. These two themes are united, for me, in the phrase "Summer of Love." And what better place to celebrate than Canada—the "Land of Love"?

SINBAD: We don't know when the real Summer of Love happened. But we're pretty sure it was in the summer, so we decided that its anniversary would naturally fall sometime within the summer months.

RINGO: Canada was appealing to me because, in this time of heightened jingoistic neo-fascist fake patriotism, we wanted to follow the Freedom Trail that many Vietnam draft dodgers took.

PETE: Although for some of us, it was really the explosives we were interested in, and that we love our country very much, as signified by our complete involvement in Fourth of July festivities.

PAUL: That's really where everything starts: the Fourth of July. Or actually, the third of July, when we ran out of fireworks. We thought we could pace ourselves, but I guess fireworks are to us small-town kids what

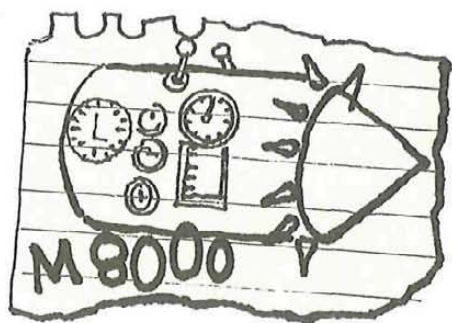
crack or rape is to our inner-city cousins. We felt really bad, so that's when we went to Sinbad's room, the Emperor's Suite.

SINBAD: Basically, we felt the summer was totaled on account of us having used up all of our explosives. [See Appendix A.] Already in June we had lost a lot of firepower when we tried to create our own kind of primitive Scud from the gunpowder of 6,000 Black Cats, to be fired during graduation as a tribute to the departing Scalpers. I guess you could say it worked, although it depends on your perspective, I guess. I think the seniors appreciated it. Anyhow, at this particular moment, everyone was sort of depressed until after some beers—I can't get specific about numbers, but it was a lot. Pete kind of got us going again.

He stood up and made a pretty powerful speech. He goes, "Over 150 years ago, this country was founded. It was based on certain principles and beliefs. There was slavery and then they got rid of it. World War II was a pretty big deal. The fifties were like the show *Happy Days*. In the sixties people used drugs instead of beer, and there was a lot of music and social ills being addressed. These things are what make us so great. We are the greatest. And we have an obligation to celebrate our greatness with fireworks."

After further history-based comments of an inspirational nature, Pete shifted gears a little and went, "Last night, I had my dream again." He kind of looked off into space and his eyeballs rolled back a little like the bed was spinning. This is what he calls his prophecy state, which is basically just a way to blame our Idiot actions on supernatural powers over which we have no control over. Usually he prophesizes that we should do a lawn job, or go steal all the flags from the Jerry's Corners Elite Country Club. But this prophecy was a little different. He goes, "I dreamed of the 'All-Star Tribute,' a.k.a. the M-8000, the most powerful firework known to man. We must find this firework. I was told in my dream that it lies to the north, in the land of the people who speak in French but are not of France, where ales flow in golden rivers, and where the godlike ones have sports on frozen waters."

Paul shouted "Canada" real loud, and Pete almost hit him for breaking into his prophecy. The rest of us would have figured it out in a couple more minutes anyway. But that's when it was decided we would go to Canada for more fireworks so we could get on with our lives.



The M-8000 (visionary's conception).

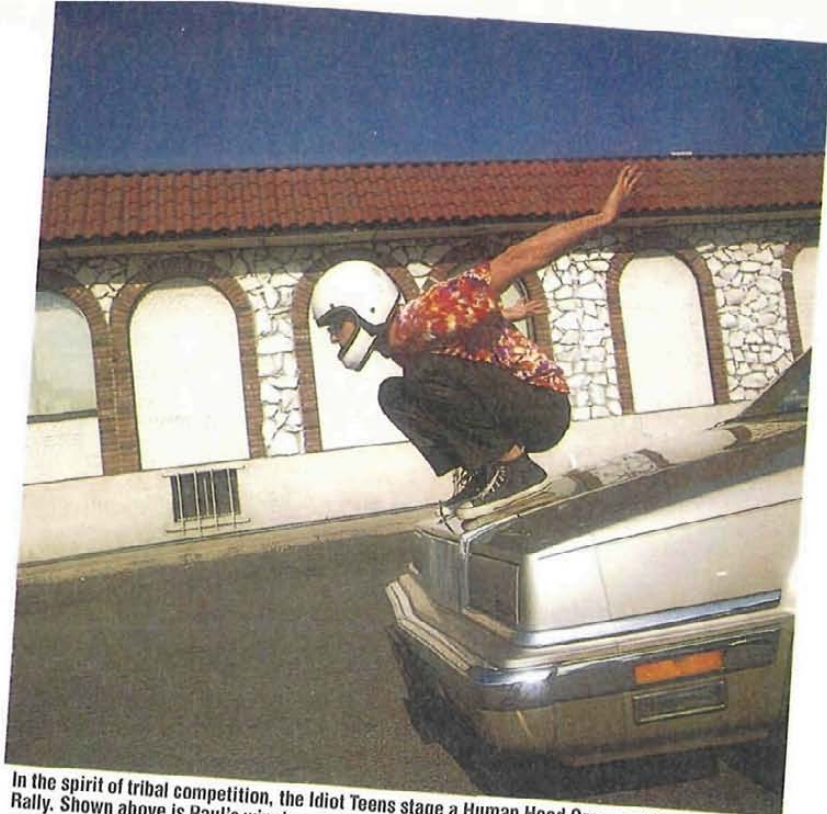
And so the quest began, a Promethean undertaking literally meant to bring fire back to the hamlet of Jerry's Corners. More important, however, was the spiritual aspect of the quest: the search for meaning in Pete's vision; Ringo's pursuit of a lost, Vietnam-era sense of moral certitude; and Sinbad's and Paul's mission to bring commerce to their high school peers (they had correctly theorized that they could finance their trip and the rest of their summer by buying duty-free tobacco products and liquors at the border and selling them to other teens in Jerry's Corners). All of these elements combined to create a startling mirror image of the great questing lore of a variety of far-flung cultures.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DENNIS KITCHEN

RINGO: Our first obstacle was a car. Naturally, we turned to the Idiot Teens' only adult Life Sponsor, my dad. My family strongly believes in questioning traditional norms, so my dad agreed to rent a car for us on the condition that we donate part of the profits from Trader Sinbad's Duty-Free Shoppe to either Puerto Rican independence groups or Minister Farrakhan. It was a small price to pay. Eventually we picked Farrakhan and decided that instead of sending him money directly, we would start our own local chapter of militant Black Muslims. But it never really got any further than walking menacingly through Jerry's Corners wearing stylish dark suits and bow ties and heavy shades.

PAUL: Ringo's dad had had an excellent year because his children's book about the Rosenberg trial was picked up by a syndicate of Montessori schools. Therefore, we were able to rent a silver Chrysler New Yorker with spoke hubcaps, a machine that sucked up gasoline, just as our ancestors had sucked up opportunity over two hundred years ago. After making sure we had sufficient provisions [see Appendix B], we took off.

PETE: In a very synchronistic moment, we all immediately decided that it would be a waste of a rental



In the spirit of tribal competition, the Idiot Teens stage a Human Hood Ornament Kustom Kar Rally. Shown above is Paul's winning entry, entitled "Wind in Your Helmet."

car to drive it just on an interstate. Frankly, I think people would be surprised to learn how well a Chrysler New Yorker stands up to stiff, off-road

terrain. When you're driving across a deeply furrowed cornfield, the very last thing you expect is a smooth ride. But the New Yorker really made believers out of us. I think the Chrysler Corporation is totally missing out on a unique marketing angle for this fantastic little ATV.

Ringo also had an idea that we all liked a lot. It was to write on the car's interior with indelible Magic Markers. That way we could keep a very immediate and graphic travelogue of our experiences on the road. We were able to keep fairly exact records of beers consumed, number of times we had to stop for Paul to take a leak (along with a clockwork-like history of complete mental and emotional failure in his family, Paul has a bladder that shuts down after one beer so that all liquid passes straight through), witty things you could say to a policeman if he stopped you for a ticket, witty things you could say to a thirty-year-old woman who was also driving to Canada with two little kids and looked like she might be leaving her husband, and witty things you could say if you were drunk in a Chrysler New Yorker.

We were very excited to have the opportunity to pick up a hitchhiker to share our experience with.

RINGO: The guy's name was Junior and he got into the Chrysler New Yorker by climbing through the win-

APPENDIX A: FIREWORKS CHART AS COMPILED BY THE IDIOT TEENS

NAME OF EXPLOSIVE: Night Flare

OFFICIAL DESCRIPTION: A rainbow shower of sparks with loud report followed by a bright luminescent flare floating gently to earth under a glowing parachute.

ACTUAL EFFECT: This is a tube that shoots up a very thin stream of maybe fifteen to twenty sparks. Then there's a pop like a champagne cork, and you have to look for the parachute, which is fused shut and lands nearby, a black plastic lump. Then, while you're looking up for the parachute, which has already landed in your yard, the tube catches on fire and creates a large burn spot on your driveway.

NAME OF EXPLOSIVE: Screamin' Buzz Bomb

OFFICIAL DESCRIPTION: A tornado of golden sparks and a high-pitched whine follow Screaming Buzz Bomb far into the heavens.

ACTUAL EFFECT: An excellent palm-sized self-contained propeller craft made of tough plastic. The noise is almost unbearable, and this little dynamo can definitely do some damage to flesh and property. Easy to aim, too. Good when launched six or eight at a time. Also good source of gunpowder for Scud.

NAME OF EXPLOSIVE: Homemade Scud

OFFICIAL DESCRIPTION: N/A

ACTUAL EFFECT: Crafted from coffee cans and sporting a foil-encased nose cone, this little thirty-pound gem is powered by the gunpowder from several hundred fireworks. It only goes about thirty yards, but is capable of ripping a five-foot gash in regulation-thickness aluminum siding. It's the Scud's lack of accuracy that makes it an ideal tool for terrorism, although certain homeowners may believe it is a meteor and will bring the plaster chunks from their yard to be displayed at the Chamber of Commerce Historical Society.

NAME OF EXPLOSIVE: All-Star Tribute, a.k.a. M-8000

OFFICIAL DESCRIPTION: Unknown

ACTUAL EFFECT (or so we've heard): Most powerful firework known to man. Breaks tree limbs and windows at a hundred yards, and sucks the oxygen from your lungs. Can vaporize a regulation swimming pool or drive straw into barn doors. Could explode your eyes if you looked directly at it, and at least partial hearing loss is assured.

**APPENDIX B:
PORTABLE MATERIAL CULTURE
What to Pack for a Road Trip**

I asked each Idiot Teen to choose one item he felt was most important for a road trip. [Note: I later modified the question to not include beer.] The answers are not only revealing on an individual level, but also give some idea of the material their daily life is composed of.

PETE Without a doubt, I think the most important thing to take is this Que'e'eim-moh 'igu'un'nk County Sheriffs' Association decal, especially if Paul is driving, because the cops seriously will let you off because your dad is a prominent citizen who owns the only men's-wear shop in the county where cops get a discount. Out of the county, of course, you're on your own.

SINBAD Raw cookie dough provides you with quick energy and rich flavor. Plus the stuff expands in your stomach and absorbs beer. This helps you avoid bad reactions when you're behind the wheel.

RINGO For me, being in the car is my version of being outdoors. So I like to get in touch with nature by chewing tobacco instead of smoking it. The juice stains on the window from where you lean out to spit are an excellent example of "found art."

PAUL A supply of rubbers not only makes you feel confident in an interpersonal situation but also can be used for roadside volleyball.

for use in 'Nam. But he said it was so dangerous they discontinued it and there were only two dozen left in the whole world, but that Maurice's Fireworks, right on the other side of the border, might be the place to find a couple hundred. Then Ringo said, "Oh, you're a Vietnam veteran. That's funny, because we're re-creating the Draft Dodgers Freedom Trail." Junior went nuclear and started breaking things, including the on-dash compass we'd added and our special tape of unique covers of sixties songs [see Appendix C] too. Then he decided to re-create his paratrooping days by bailing out through the driver's-side window while the car was in motion.

PAUL: But I stopped the car and made Ringo apologize and we convinced Junior to heal the wounds of

dow—I never saw him use the door. I tried to ask him what his full name was, but he wouldn't tell me. Junior was a mysterious wise traveler with many secrets. His main secret that he confided to us was that he was technically insane from taking a lot of Tylenols. He proved it by eating some chewing tobacco, then throwing it up out the window. A lot of it got on the trunk of the car somehow. Despite his insanity, Junior possessed deep wisdom, and had been traveling for many years. He taught us the great secret of hitchhiking: make a sign if you know your destination so that people will take you there if they are also headed in that direction.

SINBAD: Pete and Junior really hit it off, especially when Pete told him about his All-Star Tribute dream, and Junior said he had had the exact same dream and knew for a fact that the Army had developed this firework



Warren County's Bob Lees Campground serves as an unspoiled backdrop to the Idiots' own natural energies. "Roasting supermarket sausage with the plastic on 'seals in' the juices," notes Pete.

APPENDIX C: SPECIAL SUMMER OF LOVE ROAD TRIP TAPE OF UNIQUE COVERS OF SIXTIES SONGS

<i>Let's Live for Today</i>	Lords of the New Church
<i>Surfin' U.S.A.</i>	Jesus and Mary Chain
<i>(I'm Not Your) Steppin' Stone</i>	Sex Pistols
<i>Mrs. Brown You've Got a Lovely Daughter</i>	Stiv Bators
<i>Soul Kitchen</i>	X
<i>My Way</i>	Sid Vicious
<i>Hazy Shade of Winter</i>	Bangles
<i>Tears of a Clown</i>	English Beat
<i>Born to Be Wild</i>	The Cult
<i>Eight Miles High</i>	Hüsker Dü
<i>California Sun</i>	Ramones
<i>Soldier of Love</i>	Marshall Crenshaw
<i>Love Is All Around</i> (Theme from The Mary Tyler Moore Show)*	Hüsker Dü
<i>Omaha</i>	Golden Palominos

*Not technically a sixties song, but irresistible and perky, like Mary herself.

the Vietnam War with the pressure dressing of beer.

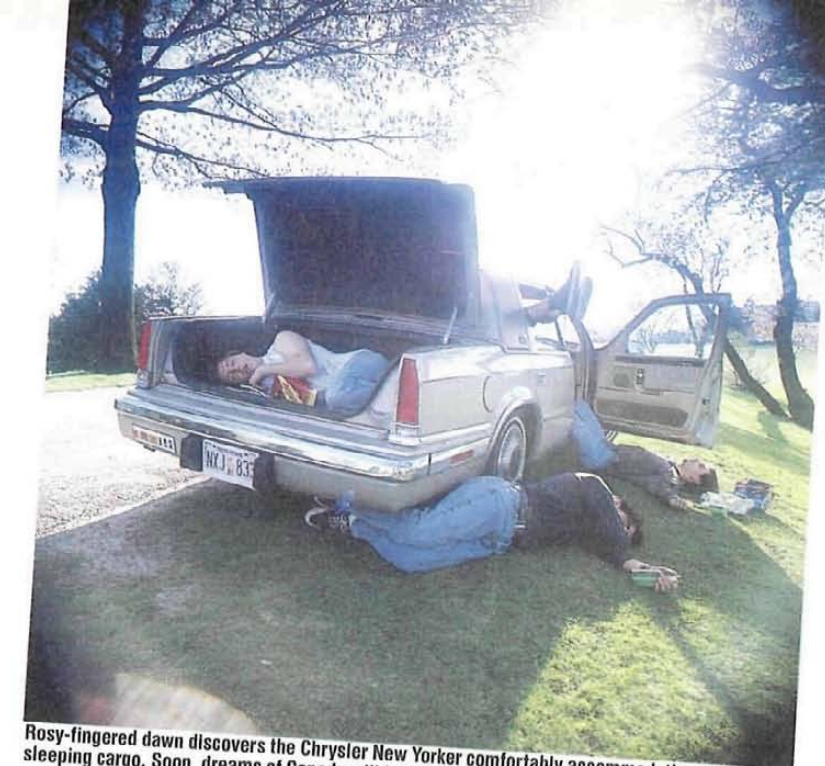
PETE: By this time it was getting late, and even though we could have made Canada, bought our fireworks, and gotten home around midnight, it didn't seem like enough of a journey somehow, especially since Ringo's dad had paid the weekend, Life Sponsor rate for the New Yorker. We decided to experience the outdoors at night.

RINGO: That's when we discovered a basic problem with nature: it's a totally sucky sleeping environment. I guess it was this very discovery that motivated primitive men to get off their asses and create the total automotive pleasure machine, the Chrysler New Yorker, with power everything and a Marker-gripping plush interior. So we slept in the car.

SINBAD: Before sleeping, however, we did a lot of typical camping-out shit: told ghost stories [see Appendix D], roasted hot dogs and Jimmy Dean pork sausage over a low fire of twigs and lighter fluid, and, most importantly, reenacted the day's events in a dance around the fire like in the preview for *Dances with Wolves*. The next day, we felt, would be a significant one.

PAUL: We were awakened early by the sound of a bear going through our garbage. It was an intensely dramatic and authentic kind of encounter with a bear that could really spice up an application essay, and we were all very excited to be living through this unique brush with the wild and untamed side of nature. But then Ringo made the observation that it was a dog, not a bear. A stray springer spaniel, probably. Pete said he thought the windows of the Chrysler New Yorker had probably magnified the stray dog's size.

RINGO: It was a hard morning going up, because we had decided to tell Customs we were going to a Christian Youth conference, so we had to get into character and couldn't drink any beers until we crossed the border. This was hard on all of us but espe-



Rosy-fingered dawn discovers the Chrysler New Yorker comfortably accommodating its precious sleeping cargo. Soon, dreams of Canada will become vivid, hung-over reality.

cially Sinbad, who couldn't get the jingle for O'Keefe Canadian Ale out of his head. And he refused to stop singing it, too. We thought it spelled disaster, but then Junior had a great idea—

that Sinbad should hide in the trunk of the car—which just proves how the spark of intelligence may smolder for years beneath a thick sticky blanket of
CONTINUED ON PAGE 67

APPENDIX D: GHOST STORIES OF THE IDIOT TEENS

Ghost stories exist in all cultures. Their significance is rich and varied, for they not only reinforce notions of spirituality within a community, they also pass from generation to generation to form an important link with individuals and the history of their community. The Idiot Teens told me that the ghost stories they told around the campfire had been told to them by community elders, who had heard them when they were children.

PAUL Once, a very long time ago, down where the Bismarck gas station is out on Redskin Pike, there used to be a huge luxury hotel called the Superior Hotel de Luxury. This young couple and their child came to the hotel in the winter to be the caretakers. The husband was a writer, I think. The child used to ride around the hotel on his tricycle. Once, on the door, they discovered the words Red Rum. This scared them. Then the dad of the couple started to behave weirdly. I think the kid had an accident on his tricycle, like he fell off a balcony and into the lobby. I can't remember. But weird stuff was happening. Then the dad attacked the mom with an ax. And he came after her and goes, "Heeere's Johnny," then he goes, "I'm gonna bash your fucking brains in." I believe the mom

killed him. And she also realized that "Red Rum" spelled backwards is "murder." And then at the end, you see this really old picture from like the twenties and the dad's face is in it. I can't really remember what that part of it was about.

RINGO This isn't really a ghost story, but it's pretty good. This guy built this huge mansion out in the country by Ed Cumber's farm. This happened maybe ten years ago. He captured this hitchhiker one time and brought him down to his basement. Then he tied him to a table. Above the table was this huge blade hanging from a specially made device kind of thing. The blade swung back and forth, back and forth, getting lower and lower each time it swung, back and forth, back and forth. Eventually, it cut this hitchhiker in half. Also, another hitchhiker had been put into a wall in this guy's basement and bricked in, I believe. And another one was killed and buried but his heart kept beating. But then, through some supernatural forces, the whole house collapsed and sunk into the ground. Some people say it sunk to Hell, but I'm pretty skeptical about that.

PETE Okay, here's one I heard a long time ago when I was a boy. There was this

banker and his wife living on Market Street, I believe. His name was Sam. I forget her name. She was very attractive, though, and had a nice figure. She made pottery. Then he got murdered. So he was dead. But his ghost came back and tried to communicate with his wife. But he couldn't really, so he went to this spiritualist and possessed her body so he could have sex with his wife, which he did, although it didn't come out like lesbian sex, but like the wife was actually having sex with the husband, Sam. Then I think he helped her to bring his killers to justice. I'm not a hundred percent on that part because I got involved in a conversation with this woman who sells popcorn at a movie theater. I think the wife eventually got the killers, though. She's still alive, they say, but she left Jerry's Corners.

SINBAD This is the story of an old guy who was very mean. He hated humanity, and was stingy with his finances, of which he had a lot. So that night, three ghosts came to visit him. One showed him his past, one showed him his present, and one showed him the future. It was so terrifying that the guy went insane and gave away all his money. Nobody knows what ever happened to him. This happened in the 1600s, though, before medication.

Love Letters to My Car

Dear "Tonia,"

My psychiatrist said I should write you a letter to help work out conflicts in my life, even though you are a car and cannot read. When I told him that he said that was the whole idea. He also said I should give you a name so I would feel less silly writing you. What that psychiatrist does not understand is that I feel silly writing you not because you do not have a name but because you are not even a person, being as you are a gray and white 1980 Chevrolet Citation I just bought thirdhand. I am giving you the name Tonia, which is my mother's name, as my friends and members of my family, of which you are neither of, know. It is a name I associate with respect and my childhood, which were the two most important aspects of my growing up, so when I write to you under this name I will think of that, and not of how ridiculous I, a thirty-one-year-old man living with his mother and writing letters to his car, am. I am now ending this letter because I have nothing to say to you that you could possibly understand.

Sincerely,
Frank DiBianco

Dear Tonia,

Before I thought writing you was stupid but now I don't mind. And I apologize for the rude tone of my first letter. My psychiatrist says I was under stress at the time because of my ramming my mother's 1985 Buick Electra into the side of the Sunshine Mini-Mart. Which is why I have to be in therapy now, as well as why I had to buy you in order to get to my job at the Sunshine Mini-Mart, which I wouldn't have been able to keep except for going into therapy. I wouldn't of told you this, but I've enjoyed driving with you a lot these last two weeks. The noise your engine makes and the great gas mileage you get give me a real good feeling. Also, I wanted to say I would never ram you into the side or any other part of the Mini-Mart, in case you heard something and are worried. The reason I ramed the Buick into the Mini-Mart was because Bernice, my girlfriend, was born congenitally blind from birth. She broke up with me on my lunch break because she said she couldn't love someone who wasn't blind too and could share her world, and also that I always had to borrow my mom's car and it was a piece of shit. I said if I was blind I couldn't drive at all and she said I just didn't understand women. So, I crashed the Buick into the Mini-Mart. That would never happen to you, because me and Bernice are okay now since I told her you are a Porsche Carrera 747, a special military model designed to be as fast as an airplane that was on sale by mistake. Tonight me and Bernice are going to listen to a movie, and I guess so are you! See you soon.

Your friend,
Frank DiBianco

by D. J. O'Keefe



Dearest Tony,

I think it's time we stopped kidding ourselves. We both know this is more than just a friends thing. And I also realize at this time that you are really not a Tonia. You are a Tony. There are television shows about stuff like this all the time but I never thought one of these things would happen to me. I guess I am what they call a gay homosexual, not that I am a fag or anything. Like if a guy came into the Mini-Mart and said he wanted to have sex with me I would not have sex with him. I wouldn't hit him unless he came up behind me and tried to slip it in without me noticing like they do, because I am no racist. But with you it's different because you're not like other men. I know that is an old line but it's true, because, as I am embarrassed to say, I never thought of Automobile-Americans as people until you opened my eyes. Now I do, and every time I see an Automobile-American I say hello, even though people look at me funny in parking lots sometimes.

What made me realize this is a dream I had last night. I dreamed it was summer and we were out driving. You were wearing a white silk dress and I thought you looked beautiful, but in a strong way, like if Sylvester Stallone had a pretty dress on. We came to a fancy nightclub and drove right in onto the dance floor. They were playing "Against All Odds" by Phil Collins and we were slow-dancing. All of a sudden the music stopped and everyone started crowding around and yelling at us. I saw my mom was there and Bernice and the retarded cashier and Mr. Johnson from the Mini-Mart and Sylvester Stallone was there too. I tried to explain we were in love but they all kept yelling bad names at us so I jumped into you and we ran them all over, just like David Hasselhoff and KITT, and we busted through the wall and onto the highway. Then I woke up and I was crying, because I knew the song "Against All Odds" meant that our relationship was against all odds, meaning people wouldn't accept us and would try to stop our love, like Romeo and Juliet if Romeo was gay and Juliet was a car. Anyway, that dream is how I realized about my love for you and that you are a man. I don't know what's going to happen to us, Tony. Sometimes I think they'll take you away from me and lock me up if they find out, or we'll go down in a blaze of glory and drive off a cliff with a hundred police cars after us. Then sometimes I think they'll be pretty disgusted but not really care. I don't know. All that counts is we have each other.

All my love,
Frankie

My darling Anthony,

Before I say anything I want you to promise not to be upset. I can always get another job, and defending your honor was just more important than working in that goddamn Mini-Mart selling Slushees. Anyway, Mr. Johnson, my boss, comes in to check on things, which means he tries to get Sue Ann into the walk-in freezer because she is pretty good-looking for a retarded person and that's why he hired her back. And when she runs away from him and hides behind the Slushee machine making retard noises he gets embarrassed and looks out the window at you and starts making small talk. "Frankie," he says, "I see you got yourself a nice beat-up car there. That's real smart, because you can drive the shit out of them and it doesn't matter. I had a car like that once." He actually said that—"I had a car like that once"! He might as well just say, "I had *your* car, Frank!" Now I know there were probably drivers before me, but I figure that's none of my business because it was before I met you. But I couldn't let him get away with calling you a whore like that. Because I was mopping the floor when he came in I had these rubber work gloves, so I slapped him across the face with one and challenged him to a duel, like in France. He asked if I was still seeing that psychiatrist and when I said no he fired me, but he was too chicken to have the duel even when I pointed out there were two mops right there.

I was thinking, since I got fired there's nothing to keep me in this town except my mother and she doesn't talk to me anymore and just says the rosary over and over when I try to explain about you. So we could hit the road together, and go looking for a new place where we could maybe rent a little garage of our own. You don't have to decide right away. By the way, what we did yesterday in the garage was the most beautiful experience of my life, even though I did get kind of burned because we only waited ten minutes after we got home and you weren't all cooled off yet. And I still smell like gasoline down there. But it was really great and I don't think I'll have to go to the doctor after all. I'm still nervous about the other thing we talked about but I might be ready tonight.

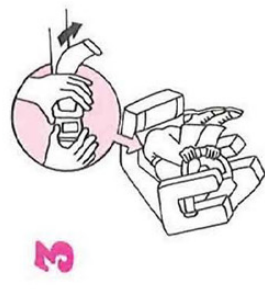
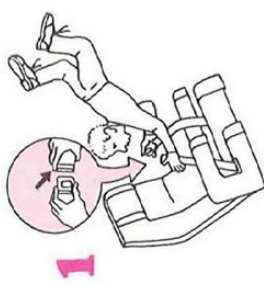
Thinking of you,
Frankie

Anthony, Anthony, Anthony,

It's all right that they know now. I am so tired of hiding what I am that I'm almost glad they found out. And last night was so amazing that I really don't care. I'm still not sure what happened but I guess while we were doing it I accidentally shifted you into neutral and we started rolling backwards, but I didn't notice it until we busted through the garage door and then it was too late. I'm really sorry they had to take off your door to use the jaws of life to get me out, but I'll buy you a new door. They all pointed and laughed, but if that's the price of loving you I'll gladly pay it. We are what we are, Tony—there's no going back. I'm writing you this from the hospital, which I leave tomorrow because I didn't get tore up too bad, but we maybe shouldn't do it again for a few weeks until I am all better. My mother has to stay in here for another ten days, though. And you know what that means—we have the -house to ourselves!

Forever yours,
Frankie





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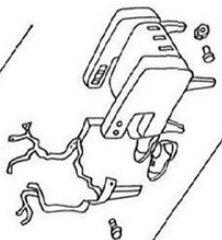
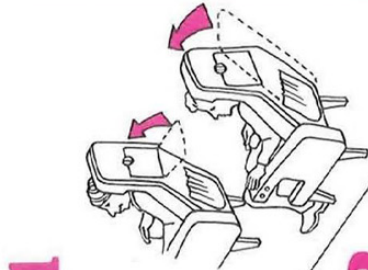
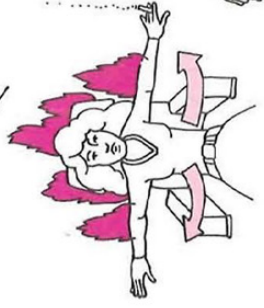
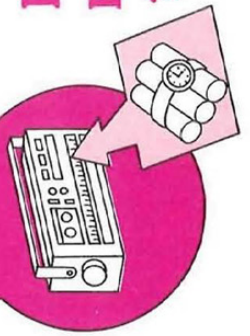
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For Your Safety
FORA YOU SAFETY
あなた自身の安全のため。



1

2



TRUE FACTS

SCOTT BALDWIN

TRUE STORIES HOTLINE WINNER

This incredible but true story was phoned in to the True Stories Hotline by Robert Foor of Pataskala, Ohio.

A WOMAN FROM the central Ohio area made preparations to take the State Highway Patrol exam. During the course of her preliminary interview, she was asked several questions about her past, one of which she answered by saying, "Yes, when I was younger, my husband and I broke into a Honda dealership and we stole a car." The interview continued. When the husband came to pick her up, he was driving the stolen Honda. Husband and wife were both arrested.

MUKLUK LAND, OPEN during June, July, and August, features "family fun" in Tok, Alaska. Retired teacher George Jacobs founded Mukluk Land in 1985, after he noticed that "tourists passing through here had nothing to do," said his wife, Beth. Jacobs also runs the *Mukluk News* and the Mukluk Tax Service.

Named after the Eskimo word for "boot," Mukluk Land offers "a movie on the Alaskan pipeline, a video of the Northern Lights, dogsled rides, a miniature golf course, and Skee-Ball," all for a three-dollar admission, one dollar for kids. Other attractions include a giant fiberglass mosquito and a garden reported to have produced a thirty-pound cabbage. (contributed by Jackie Hoogs)

□ T □ F

A WOODEN LAWN ORNAMENT, a two-dimensional bald waiter in striped pants and tight vest, was kidnapped and taken on a tour of the United States for several weeks. The three-foot-tall painted pine statue was stolen from the yard of Ignazio Marchese of Toronto, who began receiving photographs of his lawn waiter in the mail.

Police traced the abductor through a license plate in a photo and retrieved the ornament from a Calgary resident. The unidentified student had traveled extensively with the waiter, which he named Owen.

According to the *Toronto Star*, the photos, mailed to Marchese, showed Owen "in front of Niagara Falls, at the Empire State Building and the Statue of Liberty, at several Midwestern ballparks (including Wrigley Field) and stadiums, and at the site of the Calgary Winter Olympics." (contributed by B. Rietkerk)

□ T □ F

IN AN UNRELATED CASE, a wooden rabbit vanished from the lawn of Harry and Louise West of Reisterstown, Maryland, in July 1989. The bunny turned up the following August, "propped on the windshield of the couple's car next to a bag of photographs."

The photos indicated "the rabbit went west to Utah, Kansas City, and Reno, then back east to sample the big-city life of New York, Philadelphia, and Atlantic City.

Photographs were also taken at the Wright Brothers Museum in Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, Florida's Disney World, Annapolis, Maryland, Bermuda, and St. Thomas."

The wooden rabbit was even pictured with Baltimore mayor Kurt Schmoke, but "Schmoke did not return telephone calls seeking comment," reported the *Sunday Patriot-News* of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. (contributed by Jeff Hansen)

□ T □ F

IN PORT-OF-SPAIN, TRINIDAD, a nude man climbed a wall, attacked four security guards, and stole their four-wheel-drive vehicle, which he crashed into a British Airways 747 that was readying for takeoff. He then threw himself into one of the jetliner's engines.

The apparent suicide was identified as Daniel John O'Brien, a vacationing American tourist. (Minneapolis) *Star-Tribune*

□ T □ F

True Signs: Off-Ramp to Nuttiness



PILOT STEVEN BROOKS notified the tower at Barnstable Municipal Airport when passengers on his DC-3 began coughing midway through the thirty-minute flight from Boston to Hyannis, Massachusetts. Many of the twenty-nine passengers were suffering from nausea.

After the Continental Express plane landed, Hyannis police arrested Luis Romero, whom other passengers said had sprayed the cabin with an odor resembling that of human feces.

According to the *News Times* of Danbury, Connecticut, police searching the plane found "an unlabeled aluminum spray can, a plastic replica of human feces, and a 'talking toilet' novelty item, all stuffed in a bag beneath a seat." (contributor unknown)

□ T □ F

AND AT USAIR, FLIGHT attendants ordered Amir Omrani and his wife, Randi Freeman, off an aircraft in New York when an attendant

complained that the couple's body odor was offensive. USAir spokesman Larry Pickett said other passengers on Flight 252 had complained about the pair.

Freeman claimed airline employees later admitted that only her husband had offended, and they gave the couple toiletries and put them on a later flight.

"Nothing changed from the time we got off the first plane until we got on the next one," Freeman said. "My husband washed up and put on my deodorant, but he didn't take a shower. When we got on the next flight, I asked a woman sitting next to me if we smelled and she said no." *Washington Post* (contributed by Kerry Lange)

□ T □ F

A TWO-STORY-TALL inflatable King Kong that disappeared from the roof of the John Wallace Dodge dealership in Overland Park, Kansas, turned up 450 miles away in Fort Worth, Texas. According to the *Lincoln* (Nebraska) *Star*, "The fully inflated primate was tied to the base of a microwave tower with its air blower plugged into an outside electrical outlet."

A note attached to the big gorilla explained that he had come to Fort Worth for a baseball series between the Kansas City Royals and the Texas Rangers, but now wanted to return to Kansas City to "root the Chiefs to a Super Bowl victory '91."

The note was signed, "Thanks, Kong." (contributed by John H. Baldus)

□ T □ F

RESIDENTS OF CHARLESVILLE, Nova Scotia, a Canadian fishing village, awoke one morning at 4:00 to the murmuring of numerous conversations. Outside they found 174 bearded, turbaned Sikhs from India, dressed in jackets and slacks and many carrying briefcases, walking up and down the street. All were men between twenty and fifty years of age.

"They were dressed very nicely," said resident Richard MacAdams of the 174 strangers roaming the tiny town. "They looked very clean. They were smiling."

MacAdams's neighbors Karen and Vernon Malone said no one saw the boat that must have dropped them off. They seemed confused about where they were, and asked where they could get a taxi to Toronto.

"Someone told them it was 1,700 miles or so," said Malone.

Local police rounded up the surprised visitors and put them on a bus to Halifax. *Journal-Bulletin* (contributed by Don Culley)

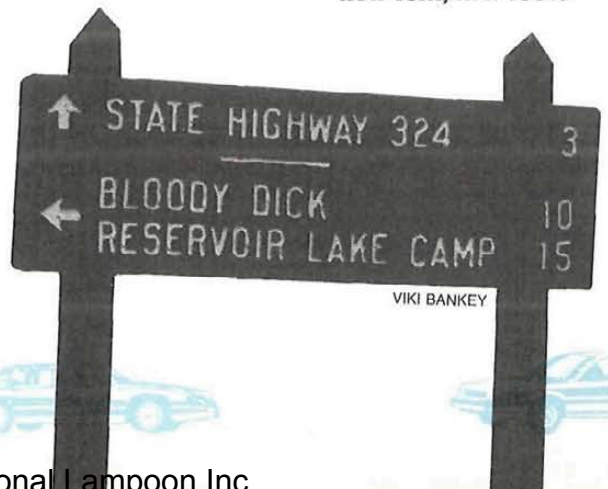
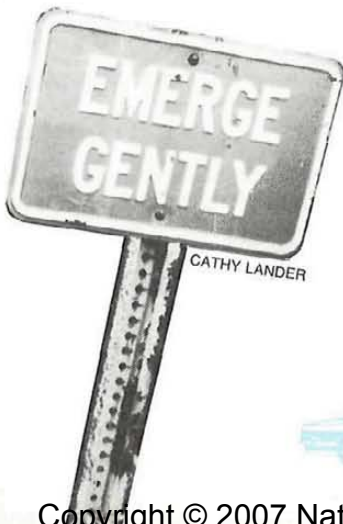
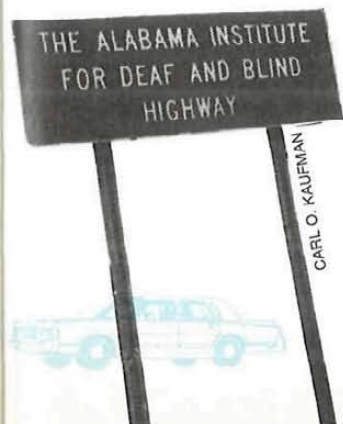
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A LONDON TRAVEL club sponsors trips to world hot spots in Central America and the Middle East, including stops in Iraq, the Israeli-occupied West Bank, and Beirut. The company was started by Steve Pearce, a recording executive "who recently scored a cult hit with the West German band called New Collapsing Buildings," reported the *Los Angeles Times*. The club is called Holidays for Maniacs. (contributed by David Ostovich)

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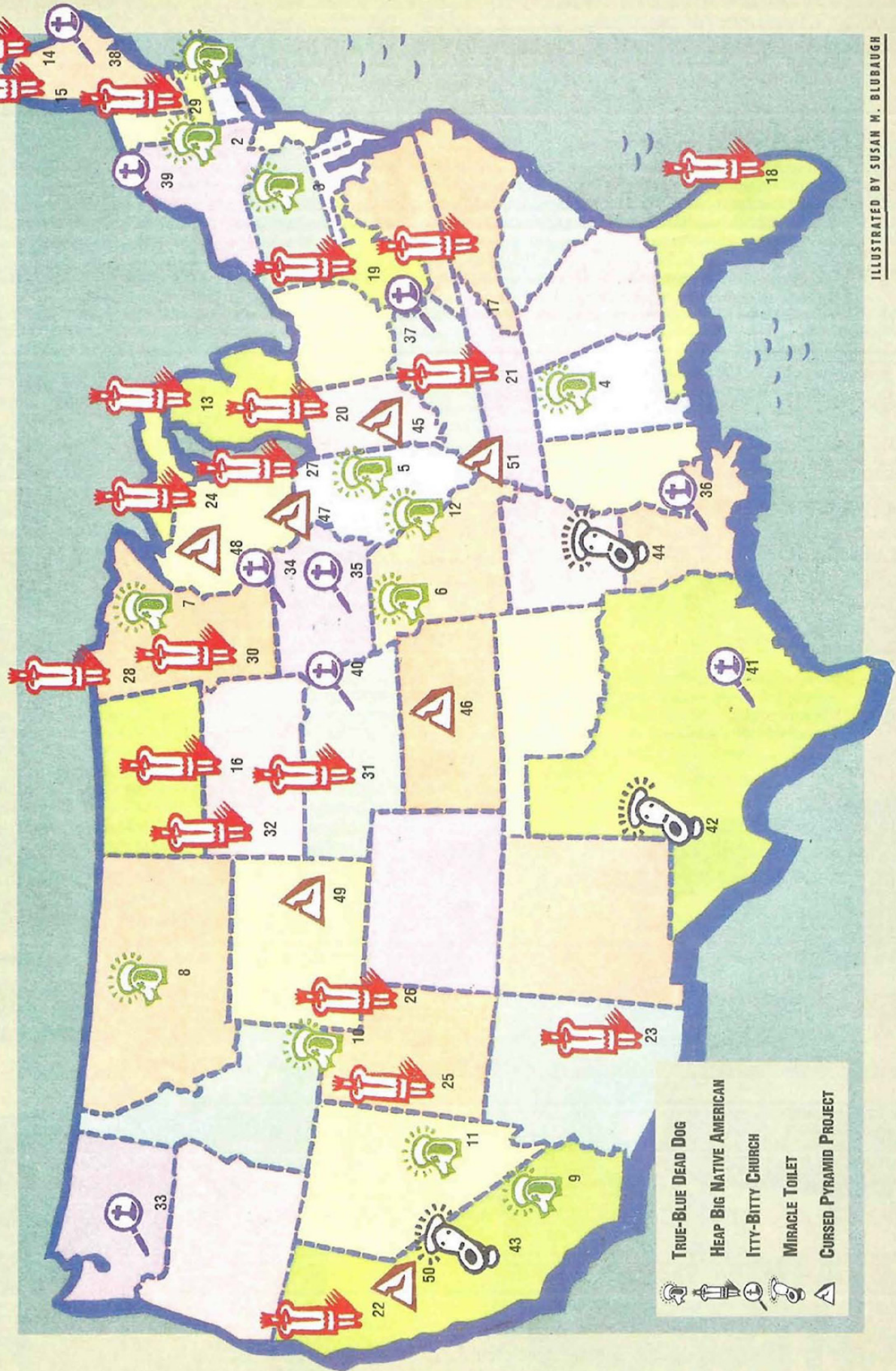
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ROADSIDE ATTRACTION

TRUE-BLUE DEAD DOGS, HEAP BIG NATIVE AMERICANS, ITTY-BITTY CHURCHES, MIRACLE TOILETS, AND CURSED PYRAMID PROJECTS



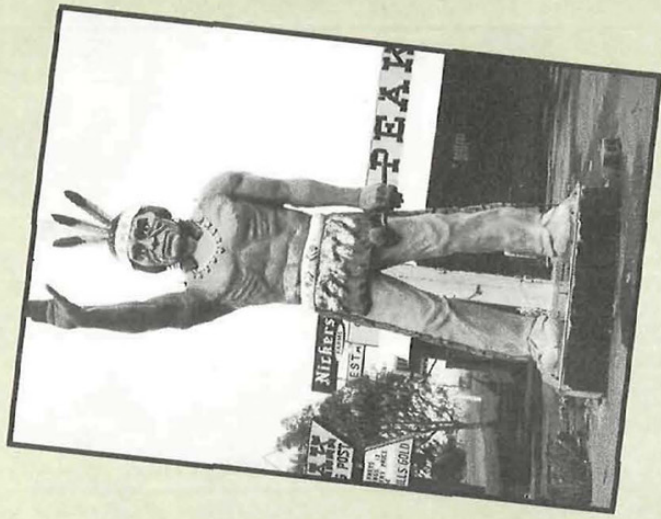
 TRUE-BLUE DEAD DOG
 HEAP BIG NATIVE AMERICAN
 ITTY-BITTY CHURCH
 MIRACLE TOILET
 CURSED PYRAMID PROJECT

TRUE-BLUE DEAD DOGS

- 1. Checkers, Wantagh, N.Y.** Probably the most famous dog in American history, and the only one who ever saved a political career. The cocker spaniel Nixon swore he wasn't going to give back. Checkers is buried in plot #5 at the Bide-A-Wee Pet Cemetery Memorial Park.
- 2. War Dog, Harisdale, N.Y.** A salute to all the dogs of war, but specifically World War I pooches, the War Dog Memorial guards the entrance to the Harisdale Canine Cemetery.
- 3. Jiggs/"Peley", Wheaton, Md.** The Little Rascals' dog—the one with the circle around his eye—is buried at the Aspen Hill Cemetery, along with J. Edgar Hoover's dogs.
- 4. Old Troop, Cherokee, Ala.** Key Underwood buried his coon dog, Old Troop, in the Coon Dog Memorial Cemetery in 1937. Many other coon dogs have since joined him.



- 5. Boomer, Makanda, Ill.** The plaque reads, "In memory of Boomer, the hound dog tradition says dashed his life out against the iron abutments of the railroad bridge on September 2, 1859, while running along on three legs trying to put out the flame in a hotbox on the speeding train of his beloved fireman master."
- 6. Old Drum, Warrensburg, Mo.** A sculpture honors Old Drum, shot dead in 1870 by an irate neighbor who thought the hound dog had been killing his sheep. Drum's owner sued the neighbor and the case eventually went to the Supreme Court. Drum was vindicated, and Drum's master was awarded fifty dollars.
- 7. Paul Bunyan's Dog, Brainerd, Minn.** Paul Bunyan is immortalized as a giant, crudely animated robot at the Paul Bunyan Center. Here he spouts daily tributes to his blue dog, Sport. "I cut him in half with my chainsaw... A-huhrr, A-huhrr... then sewed... him back together... upside-down!" Paul's eyes slowly blink and his arm cranks up and down. Sport looks on loyally.



- When they put him to rest in their dirt, they stuck a big stone bust and pedestal on top of the grave to keep North Dakota from stealing him back.
- 17. Big Cherokee, Cherokee, N.C.** The twenty-two-foot Indian statue at Saunooke's Trading Post doesn't have a name.
- 18. Big Seminole, Hollywood, Fla.** Ten feet tall and wrestling an alligator.
- 19. America's Largest Pile of Indians, Mountsville, W. Va.** Largest Indian burial mound in the U.S. Regular-sized dead Indians on display.
- 20. Chief Washahie, Shoshone, Ind.** Chief Washahie was known for his friendliness toward the white man. In gratitude, the white man built this three-story statue a hundred years later in front of the Shoshone Ice Caves.
- 21. Loreta Lynn's Big Indian, Hurrricane Mills, Tenn.** Twenty feet tall, standing on a pedestal on which is written "Loreta Lynn's Dude Ranch."
- 22. Trapper's Lodge Indian Massacre, Reseda, Calif.** Ten feet tall, these concrete savages are known for their fierceness. One is locked in a death struggle with a God-fearing Mormon man, while another makes off with a scantily clad Mormon female.

- 8. Old Shep, Fort Benton, Mont.** Shep, a collie, was devoted to his shepherd master, who died in 1936. His body was shipped back East on a train. For the next six years Shep met every train that pulled into the Fort Benton station—looking for his master to return—until he finally fell under one in 1942. Great Northern employees erected a profile monument over his grave.
- 9. Bullet, Victorville, Calif.** At the Roy Rogers/Dale Evans Museum, this celebrity German shepherd is mounted, unstuffed, along with trusty steeds Trigger and Buttermilk, also mounted, unstuffed.

10. The Dog, Huntsville, Utah. Mounted on the wall of the Shooting Star Saloon next to an elk head and a bear head is the head of "The Dog," all that remains of a 300-pound behemoth who, while he lived, reportedly was listed in the *Guinness Book of World Records* as "the world's largest St. Bernard." The dog, estimated to have lived about fifty years ago, attracts many tourists and looks much meaner in death than he did in life, due to the fact that the taxidermist stretched his head over a grizzly bear's skull mold.

11. Little Niggy, Boulder City, Nev. Born on the Hoover Dam work site and beloved by the construction crews, "Little Niggy" knew each worker's supervisor and would run for the appropriate boss if there was a misplaced explosive charge or a rock slide. Years later, a truck backed over the sleeping mascot. A memorial plaque on the spot was removed by the government—which ruled that the dog's name was offensive—but veteran workers lobbied for its reinstatement. Today, a life-size bronze statue of the "Dog of the Dam" is visible just south of another memorial—to the men that died so that this river might be dammed.

12. Dog Museum, St. Louis, Mo. Visitors to the Dog Museum, which is dedicated to the cuteness of dogs and canine art, are greeted by a presidential portrait of Millie, the First Dog. Well-behaved dogs are admitted free.

HEAP BIG NATIVE AMERICANS

- 13. Hiawatha, World's Largest Indian, Ironwood, Mich.** Fifty-two feet tall, erected in 1964.
- 14. World's Tallest Indian, Skowhegan, Maine.** Erected in 1969, this Indian is sixty-two feet tall and stands on a twenty-foot base. Easily the World's Tallest Indian, but too thin to be the World's Largest Indian by volume.
- 15. B.F. Indian, Freeport, Maine.** In front of Levinsky's Clothing, this forty-foot giant is known by locals as "The B.F.!" Bowdoin College fraternity initiation rites include shooting arrows into his back.
- 16. Big Sitting Bull Head, Mobridge, S.D.** The state of South Dakota stole Sitting Bull's bones from a North Dakota military

Before the lodge was demolished, these colorful statues were moved to the campus of Cal State, Northridge.

23. Joe White Eagle, Picacho Peak, Ariz. At Peak Trading Post, Joe is only about fifteen feet tall.

24. Big Indian, Wisconsin Dells, Wis. This thirty-foot fiberglass Indian hawks different things every year, depending on who owns him. One season he's holding out a fiberglass hamburger, another year he's got hold of a go-cart.

25. Chief Wasatch, Murray City, Utah. He's thirty-five feet high, carved out of a cottonwood tree. Builder Peter Toth is trying to carve a big Indian for every state in the union.

26. Moqui, the Sittin' Indian, Vernal, Utah. Sitting with a fence around him at the Moqui Indian Trading Post. He's eighteen feet, but would be much taller standing up.

27. Chief Black Hawk, Oregon, Ill. Tremendous forty-eight-foot-tall concrete statue 300 feet above the Rock River. Maintains eternal vigilance from Eagle's Nest Bluff, a land he once called his own.

28. Chief Bemidji, Bemidji, Minn. Carved in gratitude by a white man who as a baby was found and raised by the chief. His family had been killed in a probably unrelated Indian massacre.

29. Glittering Mohawk, Charlemont, Mass. "Hail to the Sunrise," a twelve-foot shiny metal Mohawk statue with a normal haircut. Erected in 1932 by the Improved Order of Red Men.

30. Chief Mon-Si-Moh, Thief River Falls, Minn. Or, in English, Chief Moose Dung. He's about fifteen feet tall.

31. Phillips 66 Indian, Chappell, Nebr. This old, sixteen-foot-tall Phillips 66 gas station attendant statue is made up to look like an Indian. His big round jaw and blue eyes give him away. In back at Buffalo Bill's Trading Post.

32. Chief Crazy Horse, Black Hills, S.D. When completed, Crazy Horse will be bigger than the Sphinx! The head of his horse will be larger than those of all the white men on Mount Rushmore combined. Since 1963, more than eight million tons of rock have been blasted away from a mountainside as the biggest Indian of all time slowly takes shape.



ITTY-BITTY CHURCHES All measurements are internal space. Churches must be used for legitimate service or worship at least once a year.

33. World's Smallest Church, Elbe, Wash. The Evangelische Lutherische Kirche measures only eighteen by twenty-four feet.

34. World's Smallest Church, Davenport, Iowa. "A Little Bit O' Heaven," dedicated to the founder of chiropractic medicine, it measures eight by ten feet.

35. World's Smallest Church, Festina, Iowa. St. Anthony of Padua Chapel measures twelve by sixteen feet and seats eight.

36. World's Smallest Church, Plaquemine, La. Chapel of the Madonna is six by eight feet, and contains five chairs.

37. World's Smallest Church, Crestview Hills, Ky. The Monte Casino Church is seven by ten and a half feet and contains one pew.

38. World's Smallest Church, Wiscasset, Maine. This one is seven by four and a half feet, and sports a golf ball atop the steeple.

39. World's Smallest Church, Verona, N.Y. Cross Island Chapel is an amazing three and a half by six feet, allowing only enough room for the minister to stand inside, performing weddings for couples who stand outside. It is also located in the middle of a lake and accessible only by rowboat.

40. World's Smallest Church, Keystone, Nebr. "The Little Church," at fifteen by thirty feet, is also the "only combined Catholic/Protestant church in the world."

41. World's Smallest Church, San Antonio, Tex. Peaceful Valley Chapel includes "an artist's conception of a great painting" and a black-light presentation of the Sermon on the Mount. It is eighteen by thirty feet.



MIRACLE TOILETS

42. Virgin Mary on the Shower Floor, Progreso, Tex. In December of 1990, one thousand people a day were flocking to see the Virgin on the shower-stall floor in the back of the Progreso Auto Parts store. Owner Reynaldo Trevino believed it symbolized the way many neglect their faith.

43. Golden Cross on the Bathroom Wall, Wilmington, Calif. A two- by three-foot image appeared on the wall of the Aluiza family's bathroom. Crowds poured in to witness the miracle.

44. Two Crosses on the Bathroom Window, Violet, La. The images—one gold, the other white—appeared in the Alphonso family bathroom after Mrs. Alphonso finished a series of prayers. Hundreds of believers and the curious crowded in to behold the holy sight.

CURSED PYRAMID PROJECTS



45. Doomed Pyramid, Bedford, Ind. Bedford received \$700,000 in government grants to build an eight-story replica of the Great Pyramid and a 200-foot-long replica of the Great Wall of China. After completing the base for the pyramid, they ran out of money. Weeds grow between the long-abandoned foundation stones.

46. Garden of Eden, Lucas, Kans. Samuel Dinsmoor began adding folk-art extrusions to his house in 1905, using 113 tons of concrete to sculpt scenes from the Bible and 3-D political tableaux such as "Labor Crucified." But perhaps he went a little too far near the end, constructing a forty-foot-high limestone pyramid as his own backyard mausoleum. Fifty-eight years after his death, Sam is turning green and moldy in a leaky, glass-sided casket in the pyramid, open for your vacation pleasure.

47. Pyramid House, Wadsworth, Ill. The pyramid house is a millionaire Armenian garage-builder's dream home—a large, scary Egyptian compound, surrounded by a high wall covered with hieroglyphs. In addition to the main five-story pyramid, there is a thirty-foot-high Ramses statue, a moat, and a three-car pyramid garage. There are reports that a gift shop was opened to handle the hordes of tourists, but that now the pyramid stands closed and abandoned!

48. Pyramid Supper Club, Beaver Dam, Wis. This popular area eatery is perhaps the longest-standing pyramid with living inhabitants. Nile barge bunting and menu items like the "Yummy Mummy" casually mock the pharaohs. The owner suffered a heart attack in 1986, immediately after viewing a travel book in which his pyramid was mentioned.

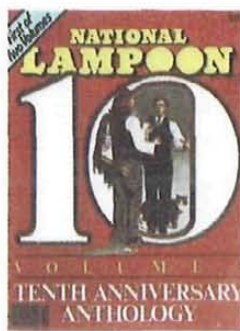
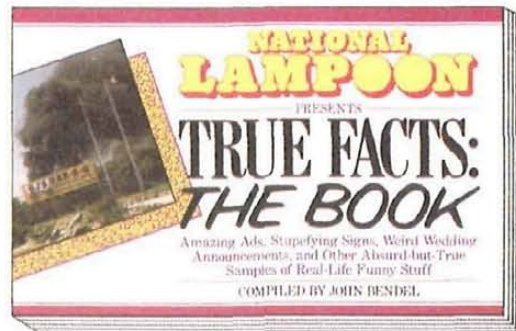
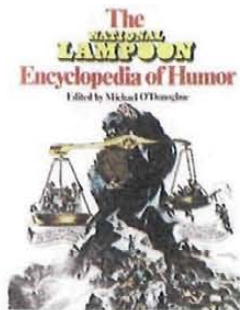
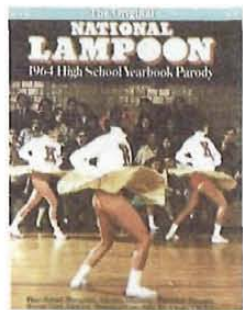
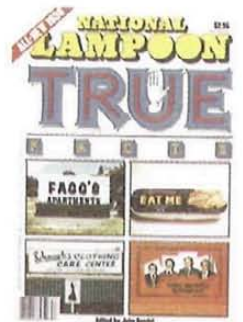
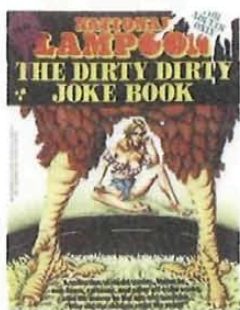
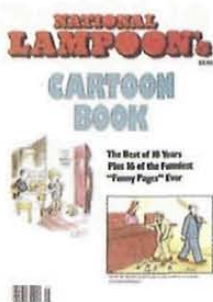
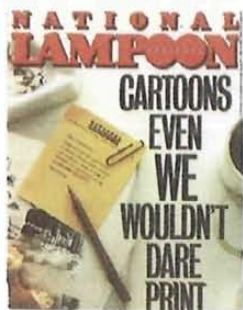
49. Ames Brothers Pyramid, east of Laramie, Wyo. The Ames Pyramid stands sixty feet tall. It was built out of native granite in 1882 by the Union Pacific Railroad so that passengers would have something to look at in Wyoming. The Ames brothers were shovel merchants who funded the railroad. The interstate bypassed it years ago, but broken beer bottles attest to its continued popularity among younger fans.

50. Pyramid at the Center of the World, Felicity, Calif.

Tourists can buy certificates proclaiming "I visited the center of the world." The absolute center is marked by Felicity's twenty-one-foot-high pink marble pyramid. Not cursed, exactly, but only open Thanksgiving through May, when Mayor and Mrs. Istel go off to Europe.

51. The Great American Pyramid, Memphis, Tenn. At 321 feet tall, this stainless-steel pyramid on the banks of the Mississippi is the largest ever built in the Americas, complete with an outdoor inclinator ride to its glass-enclosed apex. Opening day, scheduled for this summer, has been pushed back to 1992, and the pyramid is already over its \$200 million construction budget. A companion pyramid, planned for adjacent Festival Island, has been scrapped.

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RICHARD MCQUIRE



DON'T GO THERE

THE FLAMINGO MOTEL (OFF-SEASON)

The Flamingo Motel dominates the corner of First Avenue and Kingsley Street in Asbury Park, New Jersey. It is a fluorescent pink, reminiscent of Pepto-Bismol. At check-in time the prospective guest has his or her name checked against a blacklist of over one hundred people. All blacklisted names are accompanied by the various unsavory reasons they were blacklisted. A glimpse at the list reveals: Sally B. — prostitution, Al E. — fire in room & handgun, Jim M. — rifle & drug dealing, Susan T. — arson. And so forth, in alphabetical order. Once you are determined "clean" by the front clerk, he hands you your keys and points you and your luggage in the general direction of your room/"efficiency unit."

The view from each room is either of the front parking lot or of a neighboring house and backyard. Each unit has a Miracle Washcloth enclosed in plastic for sanitary purposes, which is similar to a HandiWipe. The carpet is dark green, the bedspread is of an orange floral pattern, and the television set is securely bolted to the wall. There is a small balcony outside each room, and a vending machine stocked with refreshing cool drinks is located outside near the check-in desk.

In the evening, the Flamingo Motel comes alive. Cars screech in and out of

the parking lot, and a majority of them blare rap music loud enough to be heard in the shower. New patrons check in, evidenced by loud rap music filtering in from rooms on each side, and the sound of breaking glass is heard at twenty- to forty-minute intervals throughout the night. This is the sound of motel patrons enjoying their balconies, and accidentally kicking bottles down into the parking lot.

If you stroll outside to the vending machine, beware: a man with bumps all over his body walks around in bare feet and may try to brush up against you as you wait for your soda. If you run to the front desk for help the door will be locked, and the desk keeper will be snoring on the couch—all 350 pounds of him—with his left hand shoved into his pants.

B. Kimberly Taylor

KAISER'S ANT FARM

There is a wide variety of ants at Kaiser's Ant Farm, ranging from the common red ant to the Malaysian variety *Timisoara maladictis*, an ant that is almost one foot long. All of the ants live in anthills, where they crawl around. Some of these hills are as big as a small person, and as wide. While most of the ants stay inside the hills, some ants come outside and can be seen by visitors.

When the ants stay inside for a long time, Mr. Kaiser, who is Amish, puts a stick inside their hill. When he takes the stick out, it is covered with ants: some are crushed and dead, but others are still alive. There are five anthills in the ant farm, which is located in Mr. Kaiser's backyard in Amishtown, Pennsylvania. Mr. Kaiser's wife operates a refreshment stand at the farm, which serves scrapple and a kind of Amish candy, which I hope is not made of ants, but might be. When it is time for the ants to be fed, Mrs. Kaiser throws a piece of scrapple between the hills, and the ants swarm out and eat it up.

It is interesting to see Amish people and ants living together in harmony. But many things about the ant farm are not so appealing. Mrs. Kaiser has little hairs that come out of her chin, like a man. Mr. Kaiser doesn't talk much, and seems too interested in ants

to be a healthy person. The ants do nothing except crawl around, and swarm when there is food. Because of visitors feeding the ants, many of them have grown to enormous size.

After two minutes at Kaiser's Ant Farm, you have learned everything you want to know about ants and how they live. After three or four minutes the ants become boring, and after that it makes you sick to see how many ants there actually are. The ants crawl on your shoes, and sometimes on your legs. The village of Amishtown is boring, and the food is terrible. I do not recommend a visit to Kaiser's Ant Farm or Amishtown to anyone who does not have ants as a hobby.

David Samuels

NEW ORLEANS

Don't go to New Orleans unless you are willing to shell out for a hotel room. Don't go with the budget-minded intention of crashing with your friend's eccentric Southern relatives, or you will end up sleeping on the floor of a drafty half-renovated house that doesn't have a phone and isn't even in New Orleans proper but across the river from where they make the Mardi Gras floats so that every time you try to get over the bridge to or from the city you have to wait for a caravan of giant heads on flatbed trucks to cross first and by the time they're done you have to rouse her soused six-foot-four 300-pound ZZ Top-look-alike cousin who's fallen asleep at the wheel.

And you might be socially obligated to visit an eccentric alcoholic uncle on his houseboat and listen to him go on and on about the renovations he's making to the leaky tub that he's been living on for the past seventeen years (and he hasn't done a thing yet so you're skeptical) while a pet nutria with scary teeth runs around relieving itself on the carpet.

And be forced to eat piles of crawfish (which look like oversized insects) while everyone yells "Suck the head!" and stand in thunderstorms with a runny nose and a wad of soggy tissues in your pocket halfheartedly clutching cheap plastic trinkets watching rain-drenched mummies.

And nearly miss your plane back because the cousin in the tractor cap insists on making you a traditional Southern breakfast the morning of your flight and there's no phone so you can't call a cab and when you finally get out to the airport he insists on taking souvenir Polaroids at the gate while the attendants scream at you to get the hell on the plane and then Continental loses your luggage along with that of 400 other passengers that day because you had to check it in at the curb where they wrote NWK instead of LAG and you never ever see it again.

Anne D. Bernstein

Flamingo Motel....

— ALL ROOMS INCLUDE —

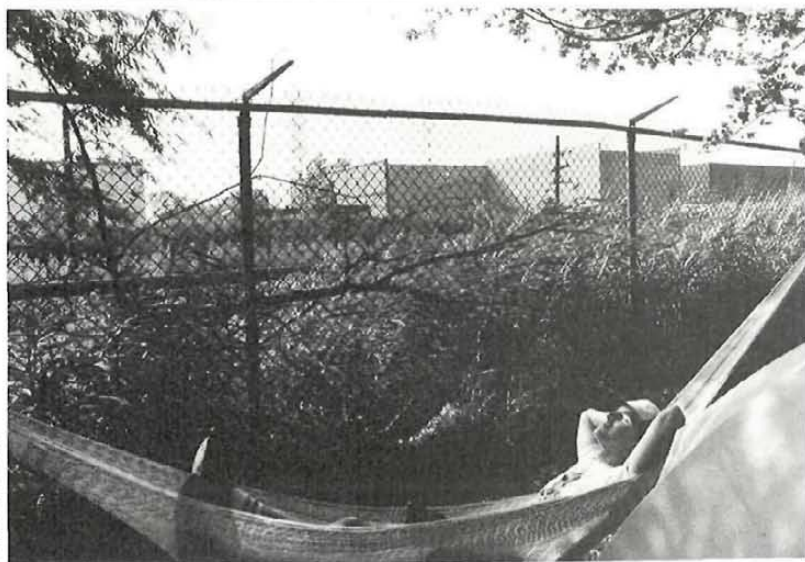
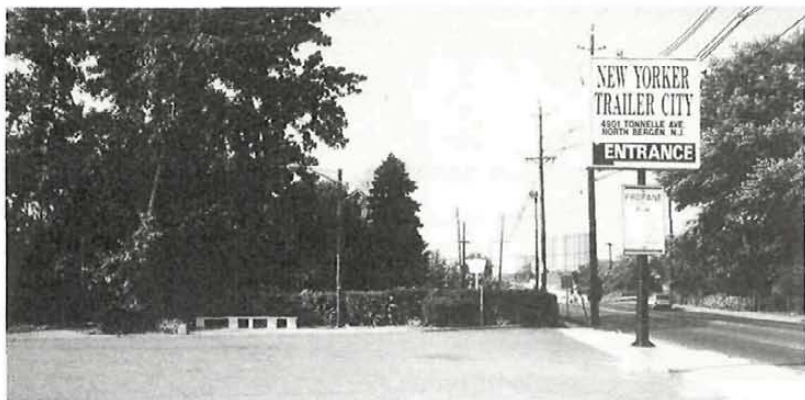
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JOHN DEREVLANY

NEW YORKER TRAILER CITY

In some travel books, New Yorker Trailer City is shamelessly referred to as a "New York campground." But this sprawling compound fails on both counts. It is not in New York (although a New Jersey Transit bus to Manhattan stops at the truck route out front). And its parking-lot-inspired landscaping, combined with proximity to leaching landfills and crud-encrusted factories, negates any sensation of "camping" in the traditional sense, although the Finger-Lakes-style array of toxic-looking puddles may be considered a "point of interest." Nevertheless, for around ten dollars a night, you can pitch a tent on a small patch of grass by the penitentiary-style cyclone fence.

In short: don't go there. But if you insist, remember that this place caters to both backpackers and long-term trailer-home residents, many of whom can be seen stalking the grounds like ill-dressed zombies with acid-washed faces, their eyes and gums the color of spent transmission fluid. Don't ask them for directions. They don't like you. Hike

around on your own instead—you'll find many well-maintained "nature trails" (oddly reminiscent of sidewalks) that lead to a really big K mart in one direction and an awesome go-go bar called The Navel Base in the other.

While the connection to the Great Outdoors is remote at New Yorker Trailer City, under the right conditions, one can look over the barbed-wire-topped fence, past the trucker hangouts, across the phosphorescent puddles and thirty-story landfills and see... a sleazy motel that charges patrons by the hour.

Don't go there, either.

John Derevlany

THE ROBERT FROST MEMORIAL TRAIL

The Robert Frost Memorial Trail is located in Ripton, Vermont. It consists of one vaguely circular hiking trail. The trail is advertised as being a "fun and challenging hiking experience," but it can be hiked in under fifteen minutes by even the oldest and fattest of people.

The trail is carpeted with pine needles, rotting leaves, and hundreds of crushed, rusted beer cans. Nearly all the

five brands of beer available in central Vermont are represented. Various inspirational and nature-related poems of Frost's are carved into wooden signposts along the trail, but almost all of them have been defaced in an obscene manner by local youths. The trail begins in a parking lot, meanders through a grove of bushes, and crosses a low bridge over a dried-up river. Both the bridge and the riverbed are littered with brightly colored used condoms.

The trail then runs through a meadow that is actually very pretty, especially during the high ragweed season of the summer. Poison ivy in this area is not a problem unless you step off the path for any reason or walk on the path's edge and brush against it. Still, squirrels have occasionally been known to leap from the underbrush and attempt to bite visitors. Although no squirrel has ever proven to be rabid, those bitten must undergo weeks of painful injections.

The path ends in the parking lot, where visitors sometimes find that hooligans have damaged or stolen their cars. Do not go to the Robert Frost Memorial Trail.

Daniel O'Keefe

BAGEL BUFFET

Greenwich Village is always a popular attraction for the millions of tourists who flock to New York City each summer. Unfortunately, thousands of these visitors will wander into Bagel Buffet (406 Avenue of the Americas) to sample the local cuisine. Our advice is "Don't go there."

When asked whether you want your bagel "to stay or to go," the correct choice at Bagel Buffet is "to go." Once a haunt for aging Trotskyites and turned-out young ballerinas, "the Boo," as it is called, is now a haunt for chronic schizophrenics: there are the bialy sniffers, the cream-cheese smearers, the sesame-stick stokers, the "Martin Luther King killed JFK" guy, the "keep your filthy eyes to yourself" lady, and the dozens of other ambulatory insane to deal with.

Eleven P.M. begins the "gimme-fifty-cent" hour at the Boo. Round midnight, the panhandling turns to manhandling when the transvestite hookers and Latino queens make their appearance. The management's attitude is also a problem. A sign above the cash register reads: "No change. No information," which means you can't even ask why you got no change from your fifty-dollar bill. Add to this a takeout line whose movement is only visible with time-lapse photography, the heady odor of disinfectant in the air, small-intestine décor, and hepatitis-yellow lighting, and you can understand why we recommend that you do not go there.

David Feuer

ON THE ROAD WITH BULLET LAVOLTA

by Donal Logue

THE only constant in life, the only tenet that I hold to be an incontestable, indisputable truth, is that everyone wants to be a rock star. Maybe not like Billy Joel, but that's probably the lone exception. That's why I accepted the position of road manager on the "Bullet LaVolta Kicks Your Ass Across America '90 Tour." I wouldn't exactly be a star, but it would be close enough. I had to drive a rental van and a U-Haul full of equipment across the country while the band flew to L.A., so I decided to treat myself a little, put my schedule on hold, and visit my hometown of El Centro, California, a little after midnight. I wanted to see how the old crowd was. Not a bunch of fags in Top-Siders, but normal, denim-wearing, acne-plagued American youth who had their first significant sexual experience in a mobile-home park with AC/DC cranking in the background. How would they remember me? Was I still "the dork who went to college"? No, probably not. Certainly not now—I was in the glamorous rock 'n' roll scene, managing a retro-seventies, speedpunk metal band on a major label.

I dropped by the local, the Owl Cafe. Pretty empty, just a bartender and two guys I went to high school with, Jesus Cervantes and Austin Green, sitting at the end of the wood.

"J. Red on a rock and a Bud."

"What the hell is that?"

"Oh, ah, Johnnie Walker Red whiskey with ice and a bottle of Budweiser, please."

"Sure thing."

I was spotted.

"Yo, is that Donal Logue? I thought you were in college, man—to be a rocket surgeon dude."

"Yeah, I was, but I'm done."

"So why you here, to pull pud?"

I had forgotten young Austin's wit.

"Good one, dude. Heh." As well as Jesus's

Ed McMahon-like support.

"No, I'm managing a band tour."

"Fag band or what?"

"Good one, dude. Heh-heh."

"Nah, metal band."

"What do you know about metal?"

"I know that you're gonna feel like an asshole in forty years when your granddaughter asks you what the O-Z-Z-Y on your fingers mean."

"Dude, I'll stamp that on your fucking face."

"Ahh, thanks for the drink. How much do I owe?"

"Can't finish it, huh, dude? Gotta jerk off?"

"Heh-heh-heh."

Fuck the Lilliputians of El Centro. I had a job to do. I had to deal with the logistics of rocking fifty different cities across the country. I had good times, fancy hotels, and beautiful women ahead of me. I had no time for this shit.

Life is a search, and life on the road provides ample time for searching. Like for a Denny's, a twenty-four-hour gas station, or cheap, effective speed. Like all situations involving groups of people forced to spend lots of time together in small places, rock tours are places where the important emotions flourish like



ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL CORIO

orchids in an equatorial hothouse. Hatred, for one, or love. A duality neatly summed up by the waitress with a big dragon tattoo right above her tits who insists that she loves you and would love to come along on tour seeing as her old man is doing time for murder, and the band members who seriously consider and argue the merits of such proposals. But of course she can't come along. And what could possibly compare with waking up in a small hotel room at five o'clock in the morning as a stinky, two-hundred-pound guitarist in the throes of an especially vivid dream softly kisses your cheek and cradles your face in his hands, only to awake and discover his mistake, but still considers carrying out the crime? I had to be strong.

When the band offered me the job of road manager, I accepted immediately. After I suggested that the name of the band should be Bronko Nagurski in honor of the great gridiron roaming Polack, they politely replaced me with someone called Yukki Gipe. I harbored no ill feelings. First show, Yukki lit his hair on fire and exposed his genitalia, so I got the job back.

LOS ANGELES—AND THE MAJOR LABEL THROWS US A PARTY

"We don't have to pay for these drinks, do we?"

"No way, man, it's on the label."

"No shit?"

"No shit."

"Fuck," the lead guitarist said, "is that Paul Stanley?"

And indeed it was. Stretched out poolside, covered in Vaseline and body hair, was the star-child himself, the second cog in the KISS rock machine, wearing black underwear that you get in a tube. He was approached by a bartender wearing what looked like a sailor suit. For a moment his seafaring manner and obsequious smile made me think he was Isaac from *The Love Boat*.

"What the fuck is that dude doing?"

The sailor was misting the sunbathers with a bottle of Evian water with a spray top.

"Wow, this place is fucking intense."

THE GUEST LIST

The first show the band had to play was at Chuck Landis' Country Club in Reseda. The Big Daddy of Valley metal. Van Halen launched there; Poison, Warrant after them.

A minute in the parking lot and Dudley Moore was already telling me to fuck off. At least he looked like Dudley Moore, a middle-aged Englishman who reeked of alcohol and kept slurring his words. "Who the fuck are you?"

"I'm from Bullet LaVolta."

"Who the fuck is Beatle LaMomba?"

"No, Bullet LaVolta. We're playing tonight."

"Haven't heard of you. Wait here."

He came back a few minutes later. "Yeah, all right. You guys are playing, but you don't get a sound check."

"What do you mean?"

"It's rock 'n' roll, man."

We were sitting around on our equipment when he returned half an hour later. He walked up to me. His face was enormous now, red and bloated like a drowned man's. I put my cigarette out, as I sensed it could be dangerous to have an open flame around his mouth.

"All right. One, you lads can check, but you have to use our amps and drums. Two—guest list. You get ten names and ten names only. Give your list to the lad in the front."

"Wait, we got a lot more people than ten that have to get into this show."

"It's rock 'n' roll man," he said, tripping over the bass-drum case.

BACK IN THE DRESSING ROOM

"Did you see that?"

"What?"

"The naked chick in that band's dressing room. She's got like mail around her nipples."

"What do you fucking mean, mail?"

"Like armor, you know."

The drummer Todd pointed out that it was Lois Ayres, the porn star.

"Dude," said Yukki, "I've seen her work. She's good."

I was cruising next door to get a peek when I was approached by a man in a leather jacket.

"They're tearing up your guest list," he said.

Up front was a pale woman who looked like she picked the wrong day to quit doing lines. Next to her was Dudley.

"Why are you tearing up my guest list?"

"I don't know who the hell you are," the chain-smoking death queen said to me. "But we've never had a guest list and don't you fucking, I mean fucking dare to come to me with attitude."

"This guy here told me I could have a guest list."

"Wait a minute, man," the lovable, speeded-out drunk interjected. "I never, ever, ever told you you could have a guest list."

It was about time for the show to start. We walked by the band next door, who were doing lines and getting blowjobs to warm up for their set.

"From Boston," the announcer roared in the universal rock 'n' roll announcer's voice, "Beatle LaMomba!"

The show started, and the band was running around and spitting and throwing guitars when the stage manager tapped me on the shoulder from my string-changing position behind the amps. His face was still bloated, but now blood was running from his nose.

"This is their last tune, man," he said as he nonchalantly wiped away with his sleeve what he thought to be common boogers, leaving a large swath of red across his face.

"What are you talking about?"

"Last tune, man."

"What do you mean? We've got a thirty-five-minute set."

"Look, you went on at... 9:10, now it's... what is it, dude?"

"Nine-fifteen."

"Right, 9:15... You've got..." He squinched his face up, causing a new dribble of blood.

I felt the need to interject. "Half an hour."

"No, right, you've got half an hour, man, and then your lads are off. Rock 'n' roll."

BLACKBALLED BY BILL GRAHAM

Our next show was at a new L.A. metal club with a dynamically naughty, bicoastally name, Exposeur 54.

"Who are you?"

"Bullet LaVolta," I said, waiting for a glimmer of recognition.

"Yeah... Beamer LaVooga... Wait here, man."

At least the name seemed to be retaining the same consonant structure.

"Yeah, no sound check, house drums, you go on sixth."

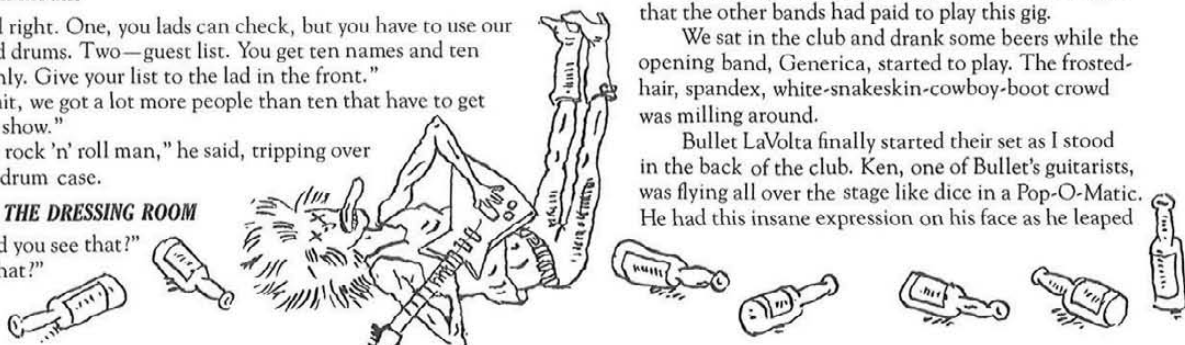
"Of how many?"

"Ten. Oh yeah, you get a fifteen-minute set."

It sucked, but I consoled myself with the thought that the other bands had paid to play this gig.

We sat in the club and drank some beers while the opening band, Generica, started to play. The frosted-hair, spandex, white-snakeskin-cowboy-boot crowd was milling around.

Bullet LaVolta finally started their set as I stood in the back of the club. Ken, one of Bullet's guitarists, was flying all over the stage like dice in a Pop-O-Matic. He had this insane expression on his face as he leaped



from the drum riser to the top of a huge, five-foot monitor on the front of the stage—an expression that changed as soon as he realized that it was unsecured.

The speaker fell seven feet to the floor. I hid even deeper in the shadows.

"Fuck, man," said a bouncer, "they just bought those yesterday at two and a half grand a pop."

A team of club employees struggled to put the speaker back onstage while the band continued playing, listening to see if it still worked. The house manager jumped on the stage and gave the sound man the finger-across-the-throat cutoff signal.

"Ahh, they're cutting us off," Yukki said.

A rock dude standing at my side who looked and sounded like a cross between Truman Capote and Axl Rose said, "Get Boston the fuck out of L.A."

The guitarist and the bass player both grabbed mikes before the sound was shut off and told everyone in the crowd that the club sucked and that they were a bunch of dicks. I sensed hostility brewing.

I worked my way through the audience, trying to give off a disaffected vibe that would in no way implicate my involvement with the band. One group eyed me suspiciously, so I screamed, "Get Boston the fuck out of L.A."

Someone grabbed me by the shoulder.

It was Clay, the other guitarist in the band.

"Dude, glad to see you."

At that point the house manager stopped us.

"Look, buddy," he said, jabbing his finger at Clay, "I'll never forget the name Bumlet LaVorra for as long as I live. You guys are blackballed, and I'm not even talking about just this club, I'm not even talking about the strip, I'm not talking about L.A., because I'm tight, dig, tight with Bill Graham, and one phone call to him, man, and you guys are history all over the country."

"Ah, shut up, you big, fat fuck."



NORMAL AT LOAD-IN

It was good to be moving away from L.A. I never really got a good look at who got that last punch in. The farther north we went, the more peaceful I was convinced our situation would be.

San Francisco is like L.A. in a different wrapper. The difference is that in the case of San Francisco the wrapper is biodegradable. In a sense it was inevitable that a revolt against what we had just left, a crass, self-indulgent drug culture whose markings were spandex and leather, would become a crass, self-indulgent drug culture whose markings were tie-dye and ponchos.

The band was playing that night with the Butthole Surfers. A highly regarded indie band that never worried about radio play. No bullshit of "You can't use your own equipment" with these guys. They had sprung from the same well, so to speak, as Bullet LaVolta, and thus could appreciate our position.

The stage manager greeted us. "What's up, man?"

"Oh, not much."

"Look, fellas, the Surfers aren't going to move their equipment. They're pretty picky. But you can work around it, huh? Rock 'n' roll, man."

That withstanding, the show went off without a hitch. Afterward, I was watching the Surfers' set. I was trying to decide if their decision to concurrently run *Charlie's Angels* reruns and a film of a Swedish sex-change operation on the scrim behind the stage was genius or not. I decided it was.

I found the band hanging out in the dressing room, drinking a bottle of Scotch I had stolen. The stage manager walked in. His hair was messed up and he had a wild look in his eye.

"Man, you guys really rocked, really good job. Whoa, man, I've seen 'em all," he said, warming to the subject. "Hendrix,

Santana, Sonic Youth, Chubby Checker, man... they've all played here. Whoa, giving him a ride home after the show... Chubby Checker says, 'Ed, man, I get, you know, lonely, not having my guy around,' and I said, 'Whoa, man... you're... No way!'" He looked at us in total shock. "I mean, I put the brakes on, I put the fucking brakes on. Chubby twistin' Checker, man. Whoa, fucked-up."

Then he laughed, "Heh-heh-heh, fucked-up," quickly rose to his feet, and bolted out the door.

"Man, I didn't know he was crazy."

"Yeah, he seemed pretty normal at load-in."



THE GREAT NORTHWEST REVISITED

We moved onward through the night into the strange, forested Pacific Northwest. In the redwoods we decided to pull into a place where you can drive your car through a tunnel carved in a tree. I insisted we try it and promptly snapped off both side mirrors and cracked the windshield. A truck with a winch got us out. Passing a store that sold carvings for Christ, I noticed that our rig was beginning to experience mechanical difficulties.

We barely made it to Seattle in time to play another show with the Butthole Surfers. Before the band played a guy got onstage to introduce them.

"All right, everybody," he screamed, "I want you to welcome Seattle-style a Boston band that is going to rock you harder than Mudhoney and Soundgarden..."

"Bullshit!"

"Bullet LaVolta!"

At just about that time, a guy who looked like Grizzly Adams with a lumberjack jacket on, bike shorts, and a pair of Rollerblades tied to his waist pack grabbed me by the throat and started screaming at me.

"Are you gonna fuckin' rock me, man, HUH?"

After sufficiently crushing my larynx, he let me go. A bouncer came up and asked me if he was bothering me. Since I was incapable of answering, I guess he felt that I was okay and left. About twenty minutes later I heard someone yell, "They're rocking me!" and the guy grabbed me from behind and put me in a half nelson. Luckily the bouncers dragged him out of the bar in a choke hold. Seeing he was in captivity and wearing his Rollerblades to boot, I got cocky.

"Come on, motherfucker, I'll kick your ass," I yelled at his blue face through the tangle of arms around his neck, staying just far enough away that I could make a break if he got loose.

"I'm going to kill you," he gurgled as he was thrown out.

Feeling tough, I grabbed a beer and went up front to watch the band. After the show, we loaded up and got back in the rig. Pulling out of the parking lot, I was thinking how I came out of that looking pretty cool when someone in the van screamed. A hand came through my window and grabbed me by the hair. It was Grizzly Adams. I hit the gas, but he stayed with us.

"That dude's got fucking roller skates on!"

I screamed, "Someone do something!" He had me in a headlock. I couldn't see the road but managed to get the van up to about seventy miles per hour on Main Street.

"What, dude?"

"Do something, throw coffee in his face!"

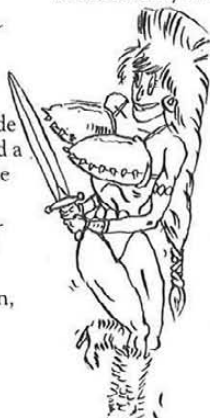
"Not mine. I just got this."

I broke free just in time to see the red at the busy intersection. I slammed on the brakes. Our trailer totally jackknifed, and I heard a dull thud. There was an eerie moment of silence.

"Where is he?"

"Don't worry, man, he just plowed into the VW Bug across the street."

He looked unconscious, so we drove on.



CONTINUED ON PAGE 65

CUSTOMARY ETIQUETTE

by Lynda Gorov



LYNDA GOROV IS A FREELANCE journalist and world traveler. The following scenarios dramatize correct and incorrect customs etiquette, based on Ms. Gorov's own actual travel experiences. While these scenes depict true events, your customs experiences may vary.

SCENARIO ONE:

AT THE MEXICO-GUATEMALA BORDER

Question: Did your friend mention that his visa has expired?

Correct Response: No.

Follow-up Question: Is your watch American like you?

Incorrect Response: Yes.

Mexican Customs Official: Nice watch. I like it very much.

In a scenario such as this, it is proper for the traveler to remove her watch and hand it over to the official, who will then strap it to his own wrist and eye it admiringly.

Mexican Customs Official: *Gracias.*

A deal has been struck: the friend's safe transport for the watch (or, in this particular case, Swatch).

SCENARIO TWO:

AT THE GUATEMALA-MEXICO BORDER

Question: Are you traveling with this gentleman?

Incorrect Response: Yes.

Follow-up Question: So you like Guatemalan men? I too am Guatemalan.

Incorrect Response: You don't say.

In one recent enactment of this

scenario, the Guatemalan official responded by running his tongue along his upper lip, biting his lower lip, and extending his hand, palm upward. The traveler, after briefly debating whether the official was interested in her or her money, decided it was the former and folded her hand warmly into his. The Guatemalan official smiled and replied, "Thank you, but I do need to see your visa."

SCENARIO THREE:

UPON RETURNING FROM A DRUG-IMPORTING COUNTRY

Question: Are you carrying any drugs?

Incorrect Response: No, but do you have any? My foot is killing me.

It is not uncommon for U.S. customs officials to interpret insincere remarks as a sign that the traveler has not been sufficiently X-rayed.

Attempted Palliative Response: I'm sorry. I take it back.

U.S. Official Gesturing to X-Ray Machine: Hope your foot feels better.

In this particular scenario, the traveler's newfound sincerity has been deemed too little, too late. She will be forced to limp over to the machine and stand in line behind a man with four dented cardboard boxes and what looks to be head lice.

SCENARIO FOUR:

ON ATTEMPTING TO GET LARGE, EXCRUCIATINGLY WELL-PACKED OBJECTS THROUGH GREEK CUSTOMS

Question: What is this?

Neutral Response: A rug.

Follow-up Question: Will you open it for us, please?

Incorrect Response: No way. I'll never be able to roll it up again.

As this is an incorrect response, the Greek customs official will ignore it and cut the twine securing the package. If the rug has been packed by expert Greek rug packers, it will make an impressive sound as it bursts open on the airport tarmac and expands instantly to its full size, causing startled airport guards to recoil.

Very Incorrect Traveler Response: Hahahahahahaha.

Greek Official Departing: Have a nice day, miss.

SCENARIO FIVE:

ON BEING SUSPECTED OF BEING A TERRORIST DUPE

Question: Are you carrying any letters or packages for friends or acquaintances?

Neutral Response: Yes.

Follow-up Question: Are you aware of the contents of the envelopes?

Neutral Response: Yes.

Follow-up Question: And you are sure that they are only letters?

Incorrect Response: They're really mean letters.

Follow-up Question: Are you carrying any weapons?

Incorrect Response: Well, words can cut like a knife.

German Customs Official: Young lady, please step to the side.

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BULLET LAVOLTA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

BATS IN PORTLAND

Due to some strange scheduling, we had to head back to Oregon for our next show. Most of us were fairly scared and considered bypassing that leg of the tour. Who can explain regional insanity? I'm no scholar, just a simple man. But I know when I get a vibe, and Oregon gave me a vibe.

We were hanging out in the club where we were supposed to play, waiting for the sound man. Finally a guy approached us wearing a yellow blazer, a fedora, and sunglasses—a little eccentric, but nothing out of the ordinary in a club.

"Hey, you guys in the band?"

"Ah, yeah."

"Well, I've been telling all the bands that play here that, well, you can see, it's a strange room. Kind of short up front, long in back. A lot of wooden beams. Ahh, sure it will sound different with a crowd. Anyway, like I've been telling all the bands, it'll sound better if you concentrate on a kind of bat sound. . . ."

"I'm sorry?"

"You know, a kind of bat-intensive sound."

"I'm sorry, I didn't get what you just said, it's the jukebox. . . ."

"Well, I'm, ah, talking about, you know, bat music. Vampires, like."

Someone tapped me on the shoulder.

"Hi, I'm Julie. You guys want some dinner?"

"Sure. Let's get out of here."

BOISE: THE HEART OF ROCK 'N' ROLL

We skipped the Portland show, which was just as well. We had a big drive ahead of us. Boise, Idaho, the rocking capital of

the Western world. We got to the local club, The Zoo. A lot of kids were hanging out and playing pool.

During the show I hung out in back, selling T-shirts for ten dollars. The kids were slamming. All ages, boys and girls, beating the living shit out of each other. Slam dancing, the most significant and exciting development of youthful American counterculture in the last ten years. Afterward a kid who had been in the thick of the melee asked me if he could have a shirt for five bucks, seeing as how he had ripped his and his mom would be pissed off.

"I don't know."

"Come on, please. My mom's gonna skin me alive. Come on, it's all I got," he said, shoving a Lincoln back in my direction. "Please, it's rock, man."

"All right," I said, handing him the shirt and taking the five. "I guess it is."

I felt oddly good about the whole situation. Moving away from New York and L.A. Getting to the heartland of this great country. I went to grab a beer, smiled at a pretty girl behind the bar. Life was all right. I got back to my table and then it dawned on me that the shirts were gone. I looked out in the parking lot and I saw the kid selling shirts to the people outside.

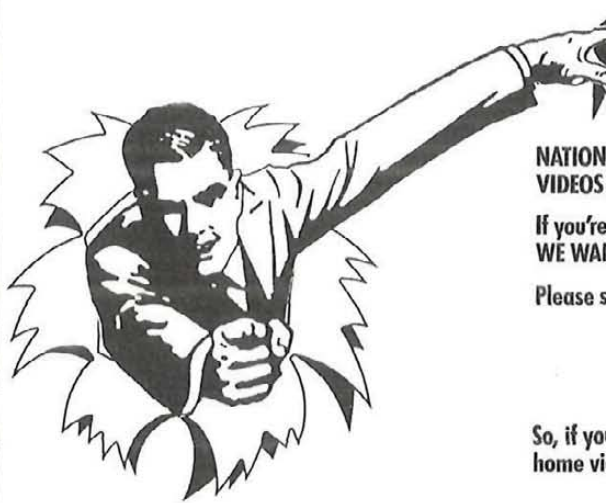
"Get back here, you little prick!"

"Ah-hah," he said as flipped me off, jumped into a truck, and drove away.

Sure, there were more miles to be covered and more beers to be had. Colorful glimpses of this great country whose cruise control is set at seventy miles per hour. I was concerned with the human condition and what life on the road might teach me about the plight of various disenfranchised rural types. I was also concerned with the safety of those who were within striking distance of me while I was operating heavy machinery. I was sure the rest of the trip was going to be just great, but I quit. ■

The Answer: Return to page 10. The answer you seek was there all along.

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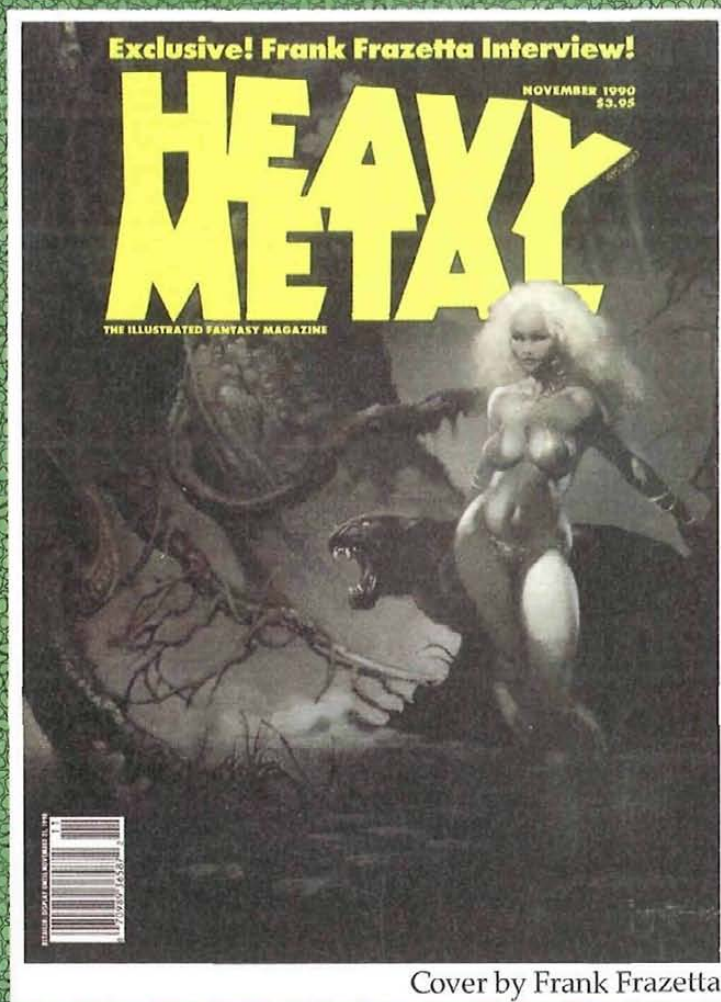
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IDIOT TEENS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

fucked-up gray matter.

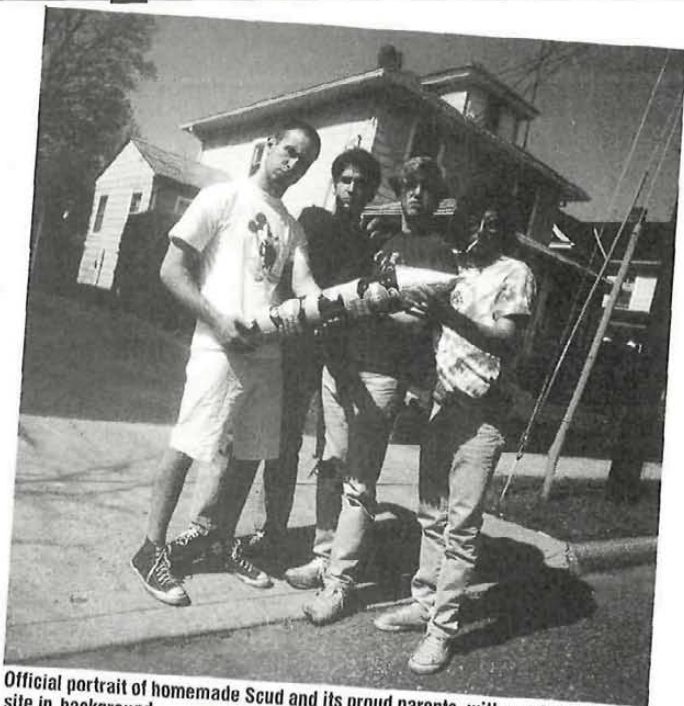
Once we had attained Canada, we discussed what to do. Pete and Junior, strongly motivated by their dream, wanted to search for the M-8000 immediately. I felt we should burn the draft cards at the first rest stop or convenience store so that we would have something to celebrate. It was a rare source of conflict within the Idiot Teens.

PETE: I felt that Ringo was being dogmatic, so when we passed Maurice's Fireworks and Junior said, "Can you do the paratrooper jump out of a moving car? It's easy if you know how," I said yeah. He jumped out of the car and I followed. What Junior should have said was, "Jumping out of a moving car is easy if you've taken so many over-the-counter painkillers that your body can't tell the difference between a woman's caress and a police-issue stun gun."

After the initial shock passed, Junior and I took time to reflect on the powerful meaning of our situation. We both felt that it was divine providence that had brought us here to Maurice's, the home of the M-8000, the most exquisite firework ever constructed since our Chinese brothers started the business several million years ago. Thus, you can imagine our disappointment when Maurice and his big fat sweaty son Doug told us that they had never heard of the M-8000 or anything like it, although they tried to sell us this pussified overpriced Roman candle. Junior and I sat down by the side of the road.

"Junior," I said, "I guess maybe the M-8000 doesn't exist." Junior was shocked, and he rose to address me.

"Little Buddy," he began, "you're wrong. Way wrong. You know, it says in the Bible that insane people are sometimes the most sane of all, so you can trust me when I tell you that that little motherfucker is out there and I'm going to fucking find it. It may take days, or weeks, or even years for me to find it, Pete, but I will." Then he kind of hunkered down and pulled me real close to his face and in this weary but determined voice said, "Whatever it takes, I'll do it. Wherever it is, I'll go. Wherever there's the rumor of a big firecracker, I'll be there. Wherever there's just a small red, white, and blue roadside shack that sells zucchinis and little packs of sparklers and glowing snakes, I'll be there. Wherever there's a big display, like at a rodeo or a state fair, I'll be there, too. Wherever cops are beatin'



Official portrait of homemade Scud and its proud parents, with porch-roof launch site in background.

up on a guy for trying to find an M-8000, that'll probably be me, so I'll definitely be there. And if there's a car show, or MIA rally or something, I'll be there, 'cause there's usually a lot of free grub and giveaways at them things. But the main thing, Pete, is I'm gonna find the M-8000. And to tell you the truth, I could use a young sane fella like yourself if you'd care to join me."

I think he actually expected me to go with him, but at that moment my mind was saying, "No fucking way, you fucking bad-breath crazed window-jumping nut," so I pretended not to hear him and just said, "Way to go, Junior." He stood up and shook the dust from his clothes and started walking down the road, singing a song as he set off on this crazy mission. He's probably dead by now.

PAUL: After Pete and Junior jumped out of the car, we seriously thought about exploring Canada more. But, after a few Labatt's 50s, we came to the realization that the Idiot Teens were like a magnificent four-legged beast, and that it would be wrong to chew our Pete's leg off just to escape the Junior trap. We turned around and picked him up.

PETE: Overall we had to admit the road trip was a positive experience. We went out into the world, tasted of its many wonders, and came in contact with its richly varied populace. More important, Beryl, we learned something: that no matter how impos-

sible, no matter how insane or arbitrary or completely forgettable your dreams are, they are yours just the same, and you have a right to follow them. We realize there's no guarantee you'll attain them, but sometimes, the quest alone is what's important. Still, we advise a backup plan to insure satisfaction. In our case, we stopped at Maurice's and filled the New Yorker's trunk with bottle rockets and Black Cats. And at the duty-free shop at the border, we charged a major liquor and tobacco load to [Cardinal Ed Clark High School Principal] Morrison's American Express card, which we'd happened to find two days earlier in his house. By the time we got back to Jerry's Corners, the M-8000 was just a faded little dream lost among all our big dreams of estimated profits on four cases of Canadian Mist and quart-sized refill jugs of Passion perfume. Beryl, it was one of the best Fourth's the Idiot Teens ever had.

For many, the road is a place of openness, of encounters, of change. Free from the constraints of "home," the man on the road is ready to experience radical transformation.

Interestingly, however, the Idiot Teens reverse the experience. For, secure in their self-generated ideology, they are the agents of change, and not its objects. Thus, at the end of the story, cars, drifters, and even history itself fall under their spell. In this sense, the fireworks that the Idiot Teens set off burst in air as much for themselves as for their country. ■

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THE

IN WITNESS THEREFORE HEREBY WITNESSE
AND THESE OUR SIGNATURES UNDER
ONE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND



Chairman



EDITORIAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

"...So we picked up your blip on our radar in the Orkneys and followed you here. We've been after this Scotch a long time. Thanks to you, we've got it." I could tell by the voice it was Michael Hirschorn, the great walrus-like junior editor at *Esquire* and official staff spaniel. My thoughts were cut off by the seventeen-year-old voice of young O'Keefe.

"Yeah, you've got your Scotch, fat man. But you'll never love it. You'll just write a long-winded, ill-informed apprecia—ugh..." You don't have to be an expert to know when someone's been sucker-punched.

"You craven, lowlife dick-weed. Try that on somebody your own size, why don't you? And I'll take you on with my arms tied, too." Uh-oh, Marcil was getting into it.

I quickly glided under the bell, only to find the hatch being guarded by my counterpart, Ellen Fair, and twelve summer interns. Fortunately, I had the element of surprise. One of the interns was so scared, she pulled her spear-gun trigger and killed another. Then Fair doubled over from my chop to the gut and dropped her own gun. In the confusion, I made for the hatch.

When I popped up into the chamber, Hirschorn had his considerable back to me as he worked over Marcil. I made a motion for silence to the others, but O'Keefe was too surprised: "Holy Joe, it's Diane!"

Hirschorn spun around and took aim with his spear pistol. Barkin kicked Hirschorn's meaty hand, just a second too late. My left side went icy cold with pain. But there was no time for that; I was out of the water and in a low chi position in seconds. Three swift kicks to Hirschorn's kneecap brought him down. I untied the others and we were out in two shakes, with the Scotch in our arms.

Debra was right there when we needed her, and we made it into the *Ragged Claws* just in time to see *Esquire's* 150-man-and-woman army of intern footsoldiers filing out of a second diving bell. But it was too late, we were already gone.

That night in the *Sonic IV* to Gotham, there were plenty of stories. The dart had gone clean through my shoulder, but with an anesthetic of 150-year-old Glen Moray, I was feeling no pain. None of us were, for that matter. And we all laughed when Danny blurred out, "Jeez, this stuff really gets you there." Then George said, "Gets you there...gets

you there. People, I think there may be an issue in that." And indeed, there was.

ETIQUETTE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

As Germans are not noted for their appreciation of witty repartee, the traveler can expect lengthy instruction on airport safety and proper attitude to follow.

**SCENARIO SIX:
ON BEING SUSPECTED OF SWALLOWING
ILLEGAL NARCOTICS
IN HOPES OF RESELLING THEM BACK
HOME**

Question: Will you please raise your arms?

The **Correct Response** is to raise arms, which, after several weeks crisscrossing Colombia by air, will rise automatically at the sight of a uniform. The Colombian official will then conduct a noncommittal frisk, ending the search by pressing gently on the traveler's lower abdomen.

Incorrect Response: Ouch.

This is precisely the response the official was hoping to elicit—a sign that the traveler may be experiencing rubber-balloon-filled-with-cocaine-induced intestinal discomfort.

Consequently, the Colombian official will press again, only much harder.

Incorrect Response: If you keep that up, I'm going to pee on both our shoes.

The traveler can now look forward to another complete, and more vigorous, frisk and press.

**SCENARIO SEVEN:
AT THE MEXICO-U.S. BORDER**

Question: What is this?

Incorrect Response: A money belt. **Mexican Customs Official (suddenly pleased):** May I see it, please?

Correct Response: It's just pesos, not dollars.

The Mexican official will likely be disappointed in this response. In one recent example the official even returned the belt, cash intact.

**SCENARIO EIGHT:
AT MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT**

Question: Have you ever had a full-body X-ray?

Incorrect Response: I'm pregnant.

It is illegal, and unwise, to lie to U.S. customs officials.

Follow-up Question: Did you know we do strip searches in those cases?

The **Correct Response** to this question is copious tears.

U.S. Customs Official: Hey, hey, calm down. I was only kidding.

Welcome home. ■

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DR. HARRY EXPLAINS HOW HE GOT TO SHTUP HELEN HAYES, FIRST LADY OF THE AMERICAN THEATER

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GOOD GOD, WHAT A MAN!

I TOLD HER... AH... AH... I'VE... AH... GOT A ROCKET... AH... IN MY POCKET... AND... AH... IT'S READY TO LAUNCH... AH...

I... AH... AH... LET HER... AH... THUMB THROUGH THE CATALOGUE... AH... TO MY COMPLETE... AH... STAR... AH... TREK LASER... AH... AH... DISC COLLECTION.

I TOLD HER... AH... SHE COULDN'T SMELL... AH... MY FEET.

I... AH... LET HER... AH... LOOK AT MY COLLECTION... AH... OF JUGGS MAGAZINES.



I... AH... AH... PUT... AH... HER PANTIES ON... AH... MY HEAD... AH... AND... AH... RAN AROUND... AH... THE HOUSE SCREAMING... AH... LIKE A... AH... BANSHEE... AH...

I LET... AH... APPLY MY NOSE... AH... DOOPS TO ME.

I TOLD HER THAT AS... AH... LONG AS I'VE... AH... GOT A FACE... AH... SHE'S GOT... AH... A PLACE TO SIT.

AH... AH... I... AH... PRESENTED HER WITH A... AH... BOX OF MY UNWASHED SOCKS... AH... FROM THE PAST... AH... MONTH.



I... AH... AH... TOLD HER... AH... THAT IF... AH... SHE WAS A GOOD LITTLE... AH... FIRST LADY OF THE AMERICAN... AH... THEATER, I... AH... WOULD LET HER... AH... LICK THE REMNANTS OF... AH... THE NACHO CHEESE DORITO CHIPS THAT FORM AT THE... AH... CORNERS... AH... OF MY MOUTH AFTER I'VE... AH... EATEN AN ENTIRE BAG... AH... OF 'EM.

I DID MY... AH... PRESSION OF... AH... BARNEY RUBBLE.

I LET HER... AH... EAT CHICKEN CORDON BLEU OFF MY... AH... BELLY.

AND... AH... THAT'S HOW... AH... AH... AH... I... AH... DID IT.

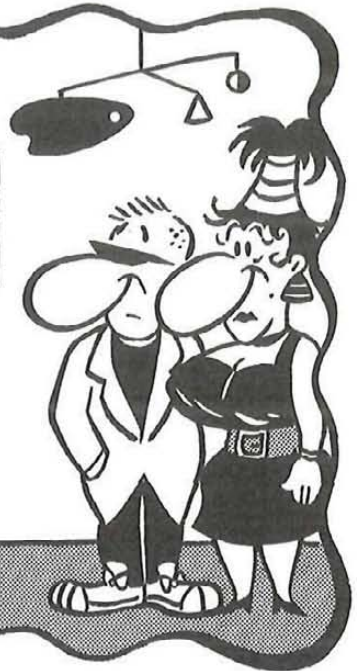
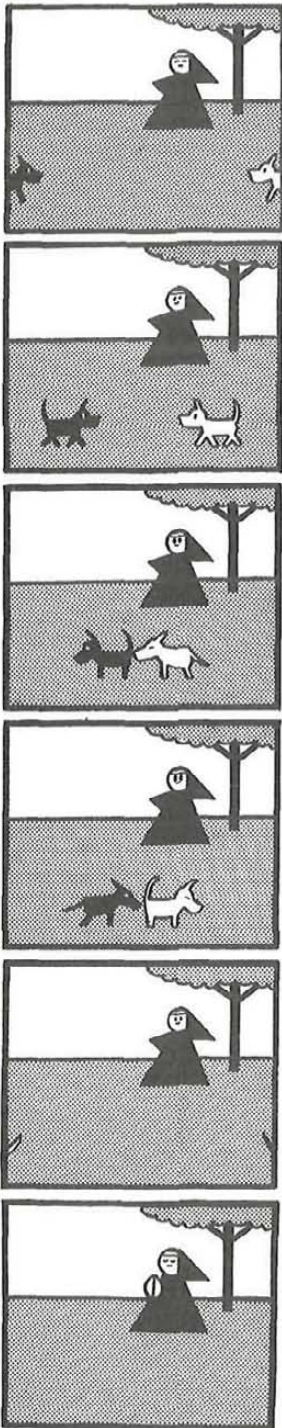


BY DREW FRIEDMAN

END

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the little nun®



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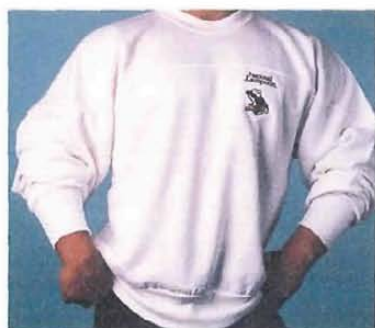
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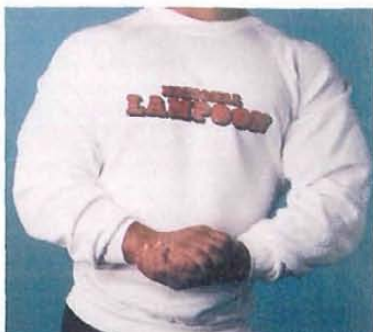
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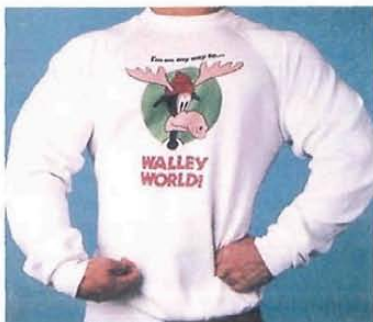
TS 1034—National Lampoon Sweatshirt. Also available in navy with white lettering, and gray with black lettering. \$13.95



TS 1049—Authentic Football Jersey. Made of 50 percent nylon plaited / 50 percent cotton. \$20.95
TS 1050—Authentic Football Jersey. 100 percent nylon-mesh authentic football jersey. White. \$28.95



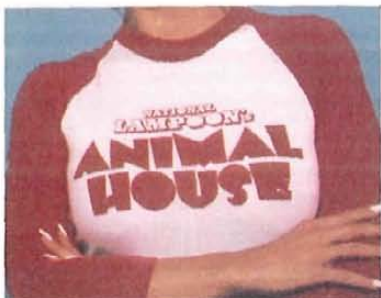
TS 1046—Acra Sweatshirt. Same specs as the hooded shirt but without the hood. \$13.95
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TS 1043—National Lampoon's Vacation Sweatshirt. Starring Marty Moose on the front. \$16.95



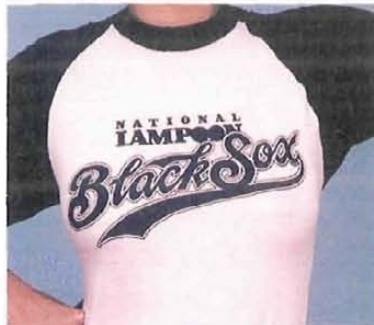
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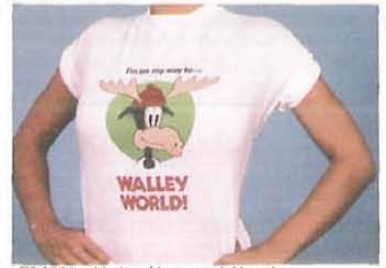


TS1059 — National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt. This time with the Walley World logo. \$7.95

TS 1044 — Sweatshirt (not shown) \$16.95 same logo as above



TS 1066—True Facts T-shirt. With George Washington on the front, an authentic True Fact on the back. Four different True Facts to choose from! \$10.95



TS 1031 — National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt. With Marty Moose on the front. \$7.95



TS 1067 — National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation Sweatshirt. This time with Santa Claus as the logo. \$21.95

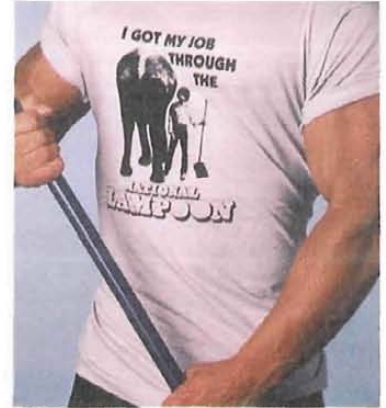
TS 1068—T-shirt (not shown). Same logo as above. \$7.95

(A) WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONTANA—Four riflemen firing a ceremonial salute at a military funeral accidentally shot the minister.
—San Francisco Chronicle

(B) MANCHESTER, IOWA—To deter wandering in the halls, authorities at West Delaware High School required each student on his way to the bathroom to wear a toilet seat around his neck.
—Washington Post

(C) After an eighteen-month study, the British Academy of Science recommended to Parliament that British rock stars be prohibited from selling their semen to commercial sperm banks.
—UMKC University News

(D) A local citizen was arrested and charged with public indecency after he allegedly was observed placing his male organ in a jar of slow dressing at the local supermarket
—Downers Grove (Illinois) Reporter



TS 1041 — "I Got My Job Through the National Lampoon" T-shirt. And you can buy this shirt through the National Lampoon as well. \$6.95



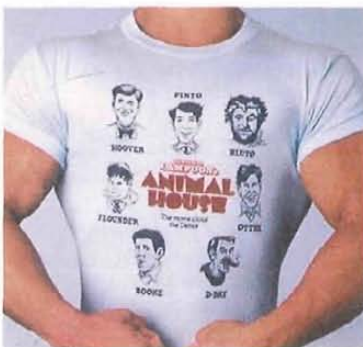
TS 1057 — Oversize Heavyweight T-shirt. Politenessman, in one of his most famous adventures. 100 percent cotton. \$10.95



TS 1019—National Lampoon Mana Gorilla T-shirt. The divine Miss Mona. \$6.95



TS 1061 — National Lampoon Dirty T-shirt. For the slob in the family. It already comes with stains, footprints, you name it. White. \$7.95



TS 1029— National Lampoon's Animal House T-shirt. With pictures of Bluto, Otter, and the rest of the boys on the front. \$6.95



TS 1030— National Lampoon Black Sox Baseball Jacket. Famous jacket with real cotton lining. \$33.95



TS 1058 — National Lampoon's European Vacation T-shirt. No T-shirt collection would be complete without a picture of the "pig in the poke" that got the Griswolds to Europe. \$6.95





TS 1026—National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" T-shirt. With the famous double-amputee frog. \$7.95

TS 1065—Trots and Bonnie T-shirt. America's favorite dog-and-teen team jump off the pages of this mag and onto your back. \$7.95



TS 1038—National Lampoon Frog Sweater. In blue, camel, gray, or black. \$20.95

TS 1035—National Lampoon Frog Polo Shirt. In white, blue, camel, green, gray, or yellow. \$14.95



TS 1063—National Lampoon Moose Sweater. In gray or black. \$20.95

TS 1060—National Lampoon Moose Polo Shirt. In white, blue, or yellow. \$14.95



TS 1039—"Save the Frog" Glow-in-the-Dark Sweatshirt. 100 percent cotton. \$15.00

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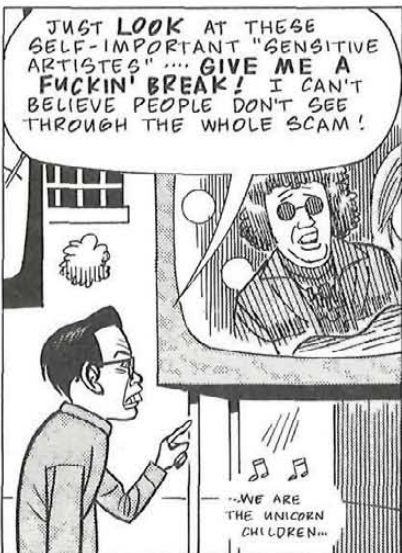
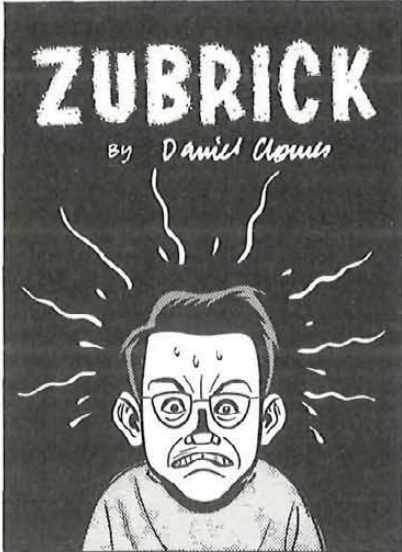
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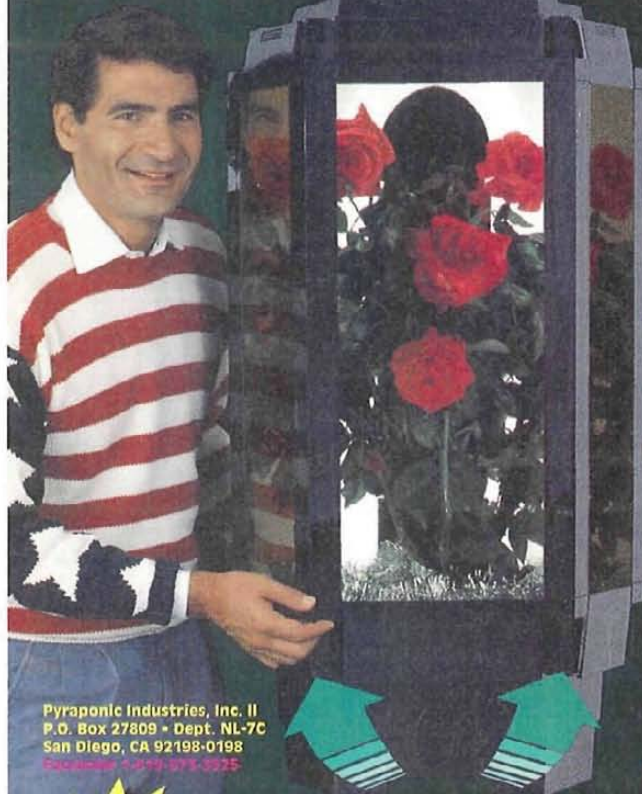
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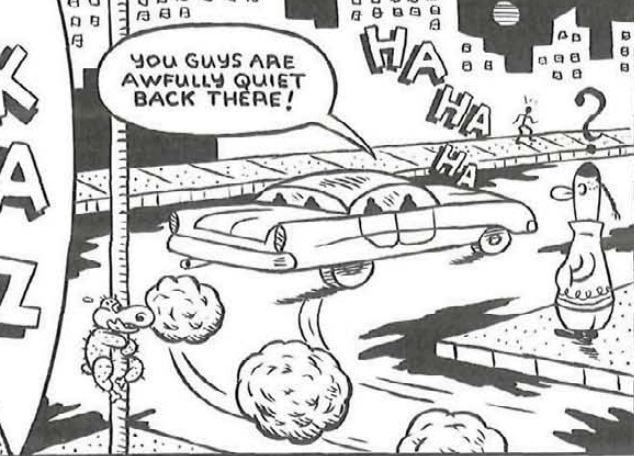
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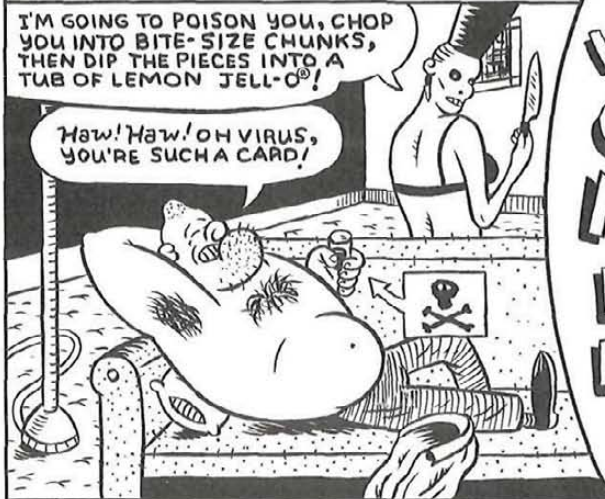
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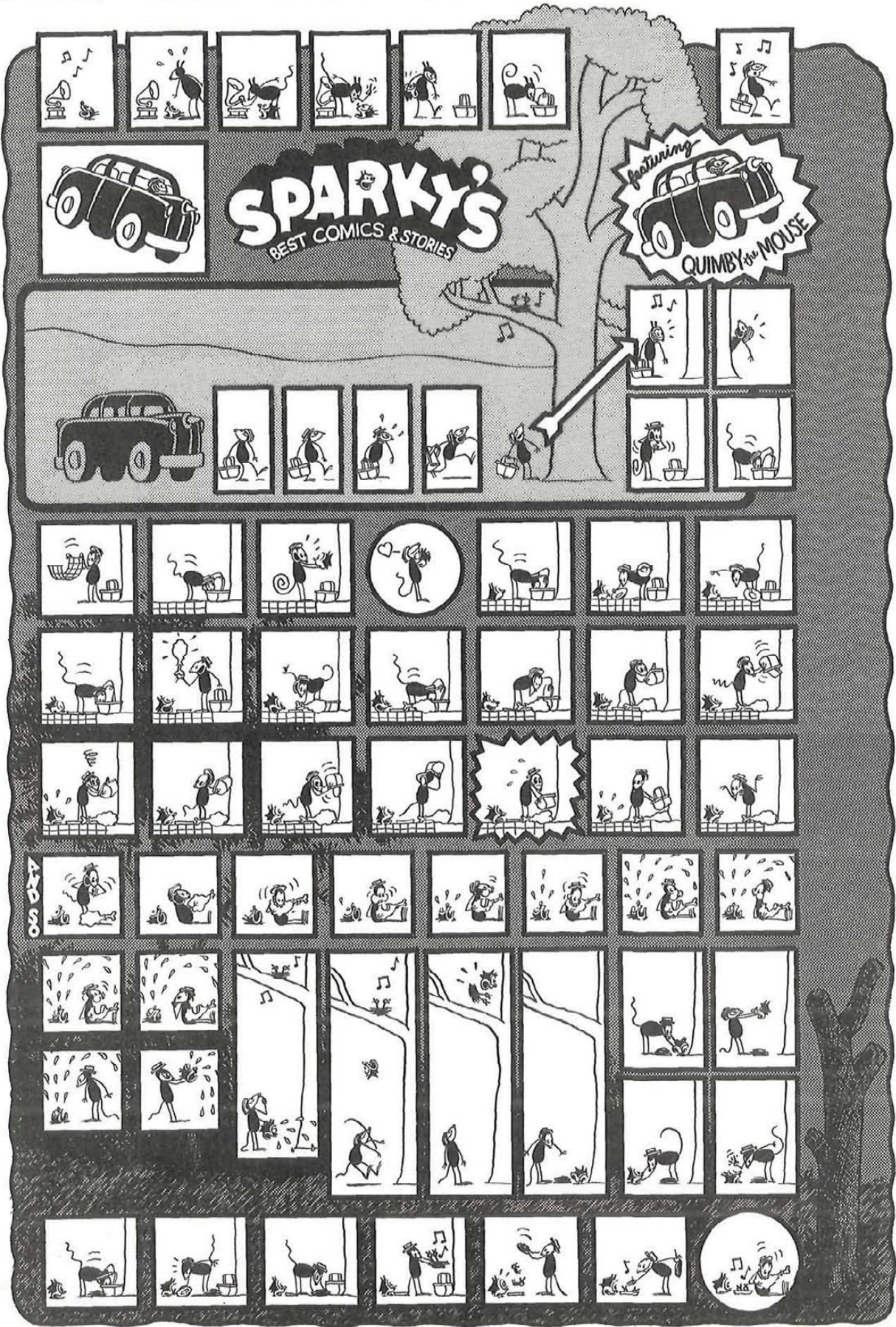
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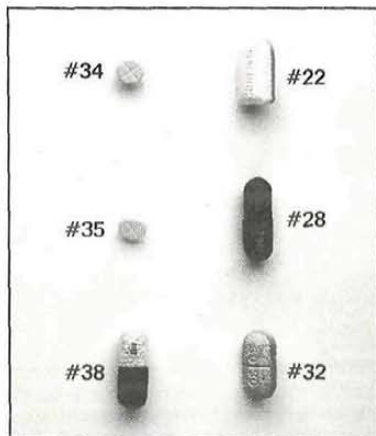
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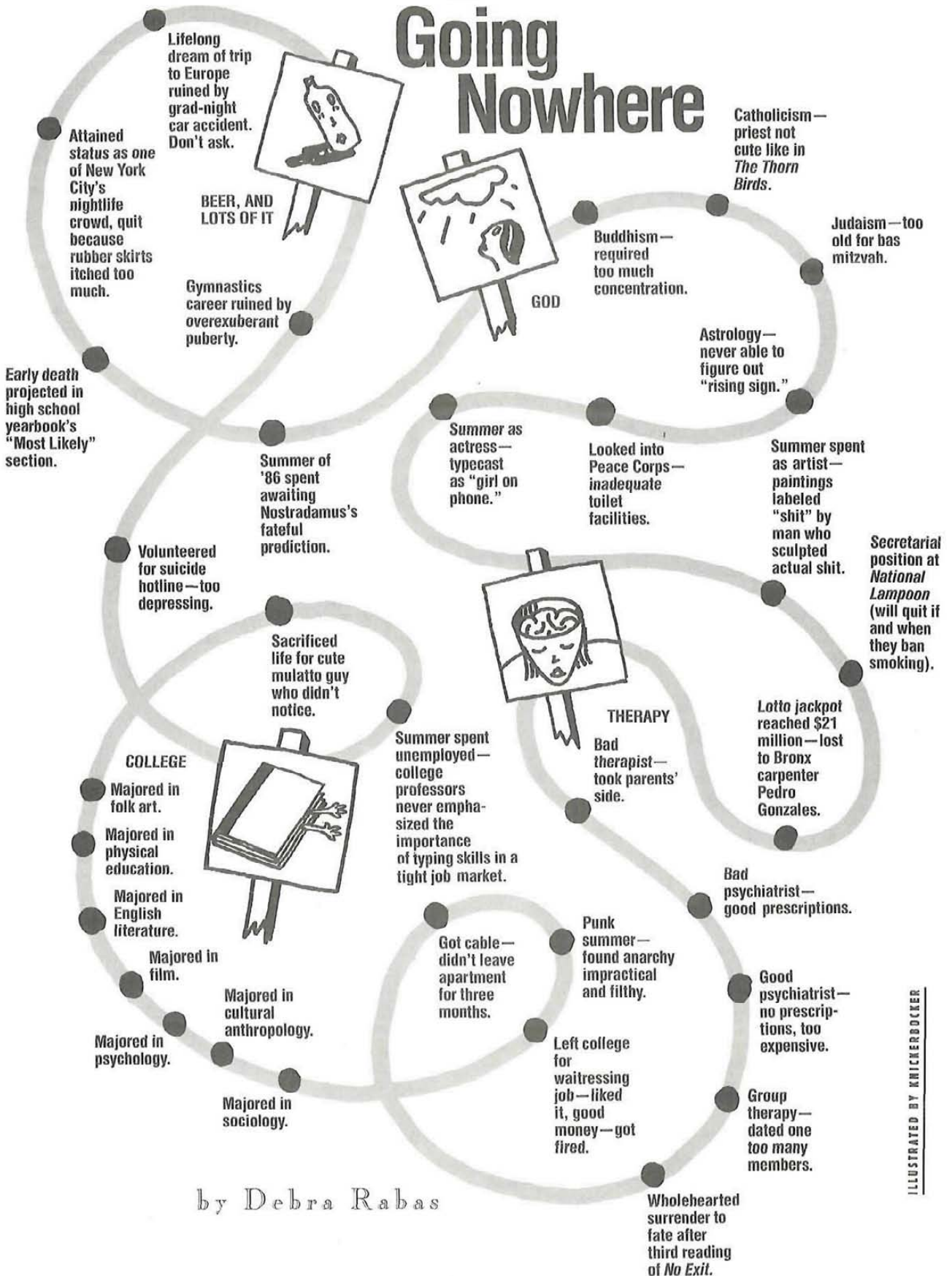
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